BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

372

SPENCER VOLUME I.
Sir Calidore thence travelled [illegible] long
Wh[illegible] as by chance a comely Squire he found.
Book [illegible] Canto [illegible]

[illegible]n Bell near Exe[illegible] Exchange in the Stran[illegible] London April the [illegible]

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

*FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.*

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

---

Goe, little Booke! thyſelf preſent,
As child whoſe parent is unkent,
To him that is the Preſident
Of Nobleneſſe and Chivalrie------
And, aſked who thee forth did bring?
A ſhepeheard's ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head------
And when thou art paſt jeopardie,
Come tell me what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

---

872
TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

VOL. VI.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
*Anno* 1778.

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

872

# EDMUND SPENSER.

## VOL. VI.

CONTAINING HIS

## FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

---

When SPENSER ſaw the fame was ſpredd ſo large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muſe ſhould take ſo great a charge,
As in ſuch haughty matter to be ſeene,
To ſeeme a ſhepeheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him ſing, and knew his voice----
So SPENSER was by Sidney's ſpeaches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes----
So SPENSER now, to his immortall praiſe,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

---

EDINBURGH:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
*Anno* 1778.

# *THE FAERY QUEENE.*

## BOOK VI. CANTO IV.

Calepine by a ſalvage man
From Turpine reſkewed is;
And whyleſt an infant from a beare
He ſaves, his love doth miſſe.

I.

Like as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Having ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight,
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad ladie left in pitifull affright;

II.

Till that by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſalvage man, which in thoſe woods did wonne,
Drawne with that ladies loud and piteous ſhright,
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did ronne,
To underſtand what there was to be donne;
There he this moſt diſcourteous craven found
As fiercely yet as when he firſt begonne,
Chaſing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
Was much emmoved at his peril's vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew,
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.

IV.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked, without needfull vestiments
To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
No more than for the stroke of strawes or bents;
For from his mother's wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by magicke leare.

V.

He stayed not t'advize which way were best
His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran; who being well prepard,
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
Full on the breast him strooke so strong and hard,
That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

VI.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a tygre that hath mift his pray,
And with mad mood againe upon him flew,
Regarding neither fpeare that mote him ftay,
Nor his fierce fteed that mote him much difmay:
The falvage nation doth all dread defpize:
Tho on his fhield he griple hold did lay,
And held the fame fo hard, that by no wize
He could him force to loofe, or leave his enterprize.

VII.

Long did he wreft and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine,
For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his fteed him nigh he drew againe;
Who having now no ufe of his long fpeare
So nigh at hand, nor force his fhield to ftraine,
Both fpeare and fhield, as things that needleffe were,
He quite forfooke, and fled himfelfe away for feare.

VIII.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him purfewed with importune fpeed,
For he was fwift as any bucke in chace;
And had he not in his extreameft need
Bene helped through the fwiftneffe of his fteed,
He had him overtaken in his flight;
Who, ever as he faw him nigh fucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And fhrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX.

But when the salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast;
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the lady fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:

X.

For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended,
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
Gainst whom she saw no means to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore;
Therefore herselfe she wholy recommended
To God's sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.

XI.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which Nature did him teach
T'expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach:

XII.

And comming likewiſe to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the ſtreames of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh, as moved with the ſight,
He made great mone after his ſalvage mood;
And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by uſe well underſtood,
The iuyce wherof into his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtaunched

XIII. [thought.

Then taking up that recreant's ſhield and ſpeare,
Which earſt he left, he ſignes unto them made
With him to wend unto his wonning neare,
To which he eaſily did them perſwade.
Farre in the forreſt, by a hollow glade,
Covered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy ſhade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne ſcarſe wyld beaſts durſt come, there was this wight's

XIV. [abode.

Thether he brought theſe unacquainted gueſts,
To whom faire ſemblance, as he could, he ſhewed
By ſignes, by lookes, and all his other geſts;
But the bare ground with hoarie moſſe beſtrowed
Muſt be their bed; their pillow was unſowed;
And the fruites of the forreſt was their feaſt:
For their bad ſtuard neither plough'd nor ſowed,
Ne fed on fleſh, ne ever of wyld beaſt
Did taſt the bloud, obaying Nature's firſt beheaſt.

XV.

Yet howſoever baſe and meane it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And ſav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themſelves awhile to reſt,
Glad of that eaſement, though it were but ſmall,
That having there their wounds awhile redreſt,
They mote the abler be to paſſe unto the reſt.

XVI.

During which time that wyld man did apply
His beſt endevour and his daily paine
In ſeeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dreſſe their wounds, ſtill ſeeming faine
When ought he did that did their lyking gaine,
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe;
But that ſame ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redreſſe, for it was inwardly unſound.

XVII.

Now whenas Calepine was woxen ſtrong,
Upon a day he caſt abrode to wend
To take the ayre, and heare the thruſhes ſong,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without ſword his perſon to defend,
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie iawes beſprinckled all with gore.

XVIII.

The litle babe did loudly ſcrike and ſquall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whoſe eares thoſe ſhrieches ſhrill
Percing, his hart with pities point did thrill,
That after him he ran with zealous haſte
To reſcue th' infant, ere he did him kill;
Whom though he ſaw now ſomewhat over-paſt,
Yet by the cry he follow'd and purſewed faſt.

XIX.

Well then him chaunſt his heavy armes to want,
Whoſe burden mote empeach his needfull ſpeed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant;
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himſelfe ſo light,
That like an hauke, which feeling herſelfe freed
From bels and ieſſes, which did let her flight,
Him ſeem'd his feet did fly, and in their ſpeed delight.

XX.

So well he ſped him, that the wearie beare
Ere long he ov rtooke and forſt to ſtay,
And without weapon him aſſayling neare,
Compeld him ſoone the ſpoyle adowne to lay:
Wherewith the beaſt enrag'd to looſe his pray,
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie to be croſſed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorſe
To be aveng'd on him, and to devoure his corſe.

XXI.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so Fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

XXII.

Whom whenas he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vaine, that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him clos'd, and laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre [to straine.

XXIII.

Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray,
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every litle limbe he searcht around,
And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beast's sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh, but whole them all he found.

XXIV.

So having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe;
But when he lookt about on every ſyde,
To weet which way were beſt to entertaine
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot deſcry,
Ne by enquirie learne, nor gheſſe by ayme,
For nought but woods and forreſts farre and nye,
That all about did cloſe the compaſſe of his eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take : now weſt he went awhile,
Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and downe he wandred many a mile
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourney's end;
And evermore his lovely litle ſpoile
Crying for food did greatly him offend ;
So all that day in wandring vainely he did ſpend.

XXVI.

At laſt about the ſetting of the ſunne
Himſelfe out of the foreſt he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne;
Where looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of ſuccour to content his mynd,
At length he heard, under the forreſt's ſyde,
A voice that ſeemed of ſome woman-kynd
Which to herſelfe lamenting, loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of Fate, and Fortune oft defyde.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, whenas ſhe perceived
A ſtranger wight in place, her plaint ſhe ſtayd,
As if ſhe doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her ſorrowes be bewrayd;
Whom whenas Calepine ſaw ſo diſmayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandiſhment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her ſayd;
" What be you, wofull Dame! which thus lament?
" And for what cauſe declare, ſo mote ye not repent."

XXVIII.

To whom ſhe thus; " What need me, Sir, to tell
" That which yourſelf have earſt ared ſo right?
" A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
" So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
" Cannot redreſſed be by living wight."
" Nathleſſe," quoth he, " if need doe not you bynd,
" Doe it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieved ſpright;
" Oftimes it haps that ſorrowes of the mynd
" Find remedie unſought, which ſeeking cannot fynd."

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
" Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
" I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
" The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is lord
" Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
" From a great gyant, called Cormoraunt,
" Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
" And in three battailes did ſo deadly daunt,
" That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

XXX.

" So is my lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
" As in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
" And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
" Ne any dares with him for it debate;
" But to theſe happie fortunes cruell Fate
" Hath ioyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
" All theſe our ioyes, and all our bliſſe abate,
" And like in time to further ill to grow,
" And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to over-flow.

XXXI.

" For th'Heavens, envying our proſperitie,
" Have not vouchſaft to graunt unto us twaine
" The gladfull bleſſing of poſteritie,
" Which we might ſee after ourſelves remaine
" In th' heritage of our unhappie paine;
" So that for want of heires it to defend,
" All is in time like to returne againe
" To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
" To leape into the ſame after our lives end.

XXXII.

" But moſt my lord is grieved herewithall,
" And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
" That all this land unto his foe ſhall fall,
" For which he long in vaine did ſweat and ſwinke,
" That now the ſame he greatly doth forthinke.
" Yet was it ſayd there ſhould to him a ſonne
" *Be gotten, not begotten*, which ſhould drinke
" And dry up all the water which doth ronne
" In the next brooke, by whom that feend ſhould be fordonne.

XXXIII.

"Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
"That from his side some noble chyld should rize,
"The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
"And this proud gyant should with brave emprize
"Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to despize
"The good Sir Bruin, growing farre in years,
"Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
"Lo this my cause of griefe to you appeares,
"For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaselesse teares."

XXXIV.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe;
And when he had devized of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if please her make the priefe;
And having cheared her, thus said; "Faire Dame,
"In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe,
"Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
"Yet as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

XXXV.

"If that the cause of this your languishment
"Be lacke of children to supply your place,
"Lo how good Fortune doth to you present
"This litle babe of sweet and lovely face,
"A spotlesse spirit, in which ye may enchace
"Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
"Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
"Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
"Or noursle up in lore of learn'd philosophy.

XXXVI.

" And certes it hath oftentimes bene ſeene
" That of the like, whoſe linage was unknowne,
" More brave and noble knights have rayſed beene,
" (As their victorious deedes have often ſhowen,
" Being with fame through many nations blowen)
" Then thoſe which have bene dandled in the lap;
" Therefore ſome thought that thoſe brave imps were ſowen
" Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly ſap,
" That made them grow ſo high t'all honorable hap."

XXXVII.

The ladie hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeach,
Found nothing that he ſaid unmeet nor geaſon,
Having oft ſeene it tryde as he did teach;
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by liverey and ſeiſin,
And having over it a litle wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

XXXVIII.

Right glad was Calepine to be ſo rid
Of his younge charge, whereof he ſkilled nought;
Ne ſhe leſſe glad; for ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her huſband under hand ſo wrought,
That when that infant unto him ſhe brought,
She made him think it ſurely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes ſo well up-brought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes, the which elſwhere are ſhowne.

XXXIX.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greene-wood's side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heaven's spight,
Albe that dame by all the meanes she might
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes, and whatso else, to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankt her as a frend:

XL.

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost,
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

# *THE FAERY QUEENE.*

## BOOK VI. CANTO V.

The ſalvage ſerves Serena well
Till ſhe Prince Arthure fynd;
Who her, together with his ſquyre,
With th' hermit leaves behynd.

I.

O WHAT an eaſie thing is to deſcry
The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt
In ſad misfortune's foule deformity,
And wretched ſorrowes, which have often hapt?
For howſoever it may grow miſ-ſhapt,
Like this wyld man, being undiſciplynd,
That to all vertue it may ſeeme unapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the laſt breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

II.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were ſtill in this deſert wood
Mongſt ſalvage beaſts both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever ſaw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet ſhewd ſome token of his gentle blood
By gentle uſage of that wretched dame;
For certes he was borne of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hether came,
As ye may know, when time ſhall be to tell the ſame.

III.

Who whenas now long time he lacked had
The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd;
And leaving there this ladie all dismayd,
Went forth streightway into the forrest wyde
To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
Or whatso else were unto him betyde:
He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he [spyde.

IV.

Tho backe returning to that sorie dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament;
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herselfe torment.

V.

Upon the ground herselfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breast, new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life:
There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay;
Such were this ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

VI.

Whom when the ſalvage ſaw ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And ſought by all the meanes that he could beſt,
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound;
Yet nould ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Ne ceaſe her ſorrow and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

VII.

At length, whenas no hope of his retourne
She ſaw now left, ſhe caſt to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To ſeeke ſome comfort in that ſorie caſe.
His ſteede, now ſtrong through reſt ſo long a ſpace,
Well as ſhe could ſhe got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or guard her to defend from bold oppreſſors might.

VIII.

Whom when her hoſt ſaw readie to depart,
He would not ſuffer her alone to fare,
But gan himſelfe addreſſe to take her part.
Thoſe warlike armes, which Calepine whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftſoones prepare,
And put them all about himſelf unfit,
His ſhield, his helmet, and his curats bare,
But without ſword upon his thigh to ſit;
Sir Calepine himſelfe away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight,
A salvage man matcht with a ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle, then purchaced aright;
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night,
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident,
Which to redresse she did th'assistance need
Of this her groome, which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to assay
T'amend what was amisse, and put in right aray:

XI.

Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard,
Lo where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point, came ryding thetherward,
Which seemed by their portance and attire
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures where they mote them get;
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion, that here needs forth be set.

XII.

After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did ſtand againe aſſured,
To happie bliſſe he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with uniuſt detraction him did beard;
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But of them all which did his ruine ſeeke,
Three mightie enemies did him moſt deſpight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely ſought by open might
To overthrow, but to ſupplant by ſlight;
The firſt of them by name was cald Deſpetto,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong, but wiſe, Decetto;
The third nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt, Defet-[to.

XIV.

Oftimes their ſundry powres they did employ,
And ſeverall deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſon's ſubtill traine;
Therefore conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſels now in one compound;
Where ſingled forces faile, conioynd may gaine:
The Blatant Beaſt the fitteſt meanes they found
To worke his utter ſhame, and throughly him con-
found.

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did waite
When he did raunge the wood for ſalvage game,
They ſent that Blatant Beaſt to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame;
For well they wiſt that ſquire to be ſo bold,
That no one beaſt in forreſt wylde or tame
Met him in chaſe, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they deviſed had,
Seeing the ugly monſter paſſing by,
Upon him ſet, of perill nought adrad,
Ne ſkilfull of the uncouth ieopardy,
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly;
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſſe bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to overtake his flight,
Who thro' thicke woods, and brakes, and briers, him drew,
To weary him the more and waſte his ſpight,
So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whoſe covert ſtopt his further ſight;
There his three foes, ſhrowded in guilefull ſhade,
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII.

Sharpely they all attonce did him aſſaile,
Burning with inward rancour and deſpight,
And heaped ſtrokes did round about him haile
With ſo huge force, that ſeemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite;
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite,
And all the while his backe for beſt ſafegard
He lent againſt a tree, that backeward onſet bard.

XIX.

Like a wylde bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a maſtiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog, that doe him ſharpe aſſay
On every ſide, and beat about him round,
But moſt that curre, barking with bitter ſownd,
And creeping ſtill behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder;
So did that ſquire his foes diſperſe and drive aſonder.

XX.

Him well behoved ſo, for his three foes
Sought to encompaſſe him, on every ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe;
But moſt of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him ſtill to have deſtroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But ſtout Deſpetto, in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face, againſt him bent;
Yet he them all withſtood, and often made relent.

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrinke, and ſomewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have eſcaped hard;
Whenas unwares he in the forreſt heard
A trampling ſteede, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noiſe whereof the ſquire, now nigh aghaſt,
Revived was, and ſad diſpaire away did caſt.

XXII.

Eftſoones he ſpide a knight approching nye,
Who ſeeing one in ſo great daunger ſet,
Mongſt many foes, himſelf did faſter hye
To reſkue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty ſo to ſee him overſet;
Whom ſoone as his three enemies did vew
They fled, and faſt into the wood did get;
Him booted not to thinke them to purſew,
The covert was ſo thicke that did no paſſage ſhew.

XXIII.

Then turning to that ſwaine, him well he knew
To be his Timias, his owne true ſquire;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus beſpake; "My Liefe! my Life's deſire!
"Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
"Tell me what world's deſpight or Heaven's yre
"Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
"Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weſt?"

XXIV.

With that he ſighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the ſquire nought aunſwered againe,
But ſhedding few ſoft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with ſilence did reſtraine,
And ſhut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeeches ſpent,
As to them ſeemed fit, time to entertaine;
After all which up to their ſteedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in ſight
Of this wyld man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad Serena things to dight,
With thoſe brave armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoile of ſome right well renownd;
Which when that ſquire beheld, he to them ſtept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
But he it ſeeing, lightly to him lept,
And ſternely with ſtrong hand it from his handling
[kept:

XXVI.

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly looke,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fiſt unwares on th'head he ſtrooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence ſoone upſtarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have ſlaine,
Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement ſtayd.

XXVII.

With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the knight, them to diſpart in twaine;
Who to them ſtepping, did them ſoone divide,
And did from further violence reſtraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the prince of her for to demand
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what traine
She fell into that ſalvage villaines hand,
And whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band?

XXVIII.

To whom ſhe thus; " I am, as now ye ſee,
" The wretchedſt dame that live this day on ground,
" Who both in minde, the which moſt grieveth me,
" And body, have receiv'd a mortall wound,
" That hath me driven to this drery ſtound.
" I was erewhile the love of Calepine,
" Who whether he alive be to be found,
" Or by ſome deadly chaunce be done to pine,
" Since I him lately loſt, uneath is to define.

XXIX

" In ſalvage forreſt I him loſt of late,
" Where I had ſurely long ere this bene dead,
" Or elſe remained in moſt wretched ſtate,
" Had not this wylde man, in that woful ſtead,
" Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
" In ſuch a ſalvage wight, of brutiſh kynd,
" Amongſt wilde beaſtes in deſert forreſts bred,
" It is moſt ſtraunge and wonderful to fynd
" So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX.

"Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
"That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
"Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,
"Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
"Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake."
With such faire words she did their heate asswage,
And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her page.

XXXI.

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede,
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same monster late, for lacke of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To seeke some place the which mote yeeld some ease
To these sicke twaine that now began to droupe;
And all the way the prince sought to appease
The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

XXXIII.

Mongſt which Serena did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and unknightly parts
Which Turpine had unto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts,
Although Blandina did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade all that ſhe might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo trayterouſly did wound her weary knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the prince ſore moved, there avoud
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th'abuſes of that proud
And ſhamefull knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine
To paſſe the tedious travell of the way,
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy it may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little chappel ſtoode,
Which being all with yvy overſpred,
Deckt all the roofe, and ſhadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the hermite, which his life here led,
In ſtreight obſervaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewiſe was praying now,
Whenas theſe knights arriv'd, they wiſt not where nor how.

XXXVI.

They ſtayd not there, but ſtreight way in did pas;
Whom when the hermite preſent ſaw in place,
From his devotion ſtreight he troubled was;
Which breaking off, he toward them did pace
With ſtayed ſteps and grave-beſeeming grace,
For well it ſeem'd that whilome he had beene
Soome goodly perſon, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene:

XXXVII.

And ſoothly it was ſayd by common Fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe;
But being aged now, and weary too
Of warres delight and world's contentious toyle,
The name of Knighthood he did diſavow,
And hanging up his armes and warlike ſpoyle,
From all this world's incombrance did himſelfe aſſoyle.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their ſteedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neat and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beſeene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes as fitter beene
For courting fooles, that curteſies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did uſe his feeble body to ſuſtaine,
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well ſuffiz'd, them reſted faine:
But faire Serene all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle ſquire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beaſt
Had given them, whoſe griefe through ſuffraunce ſore
[increaſt.

XL.

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they roſe, and gan themſelves to dight
Unto their iourney; but that ſquire and dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were ſicke, their ſides were ſore, their feete
[were lame.

XLI.

Therefore the prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there longer ſtay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd,
In that good hermit's charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well: ſo forth he went his way,
And with him eke the ſalvage (that whyleare
Seeing his royall uſage and array,
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere)
Would needes depart, as ſhall declared be elſewhere.

# *THE FAERY QUEENE.*

## BOOK VI. CANTO VI.

The hermite heales both ſquire and dame
Of their ſore maladies;
He Turpine doth defeate and ſhame
For his late villanies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight;
For by no art nor any leaches might
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the ſkill which that immortall ſpright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy ſuch hurts; ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

II

Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beaſt
Made in the bodies of that ſquire and dame,
And being ſuch, were now much more increaſt
For want of taking heede unto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became;
Howbe that carefull hermite did his beſt,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poyſnous humour which did moſt infeſt
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely dreſt:

III.

For he right well in leaches craft was ſeene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene,
And paſt through many perillous aſſayes,
He knew the diverſe went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight,
Which with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the paſſions heale which wound the weaker [ſpright:

IV.

For whylome he had bene a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies;
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this world's unquiet waies,
He tooke himſelfe unto this hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

V.

One day as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred privily,
And ranckling inward with unruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt helpe of ſurgery,
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With holeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
Give ſalves to every ſore, but counſell to the minde.

VI.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit ſpeaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe as well as ſay the ſame;
And thus he to them ſayd; " Faire Daughter dame!
" And you, faire Sonne! which here thus long now lie
" In piteous langour ſince ye hither came,
" In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
" And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalves to you applie:

VII.

" For in yourſelfe your onely helpe doth lie
" To heale yourſelves, and muſt proceed alone
" From your owne will to cure your maladie:
" Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
" If therefore health ye ſeeke, obſerve this one;
" Firſt learne your outward ſenſes to refraine
" From things that ſtirre up fraile affection;
" Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk, reſtraine
" From that they moſt affect, and in due termes con-[taine.

VIII.

" For from thoſe outward ſenſes, ill affected,
" The ſeede of all this evill firſt doth ſpring,
" Which at the firſt, before it had infected,
" Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing;
" But being growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
" Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
" In th'inner parts, and laſtly, ſcattering
" Contagious poyſon cloſe through every vaine,
" It never reſts till it have wrought his finall bane.

IX.

" For that beaſtes teeth which wounded you tofore,
" Are ſo exceeding venomous and keene,
" Made all of ruſty yron, ranckling ſore,
" That where they bite it booteth not to weene
" With ſalve, or antidote, or other mene,
" It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought.
" For that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh ſtrene,
" And long in darkſome Stygian den upbrought,
" Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

X.

" Echidna is a monſter direfull dred,
" Whom gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to ſee;
" So hideous is her ſhape, ſo huge her hed,
" That even the helliſh fiends affrighted bee
" At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee;
" Yet did her face and former parts profeſſe
" A faire young mayden, full of comely glee,
" But all her hinder parts did plaine expreſſe
" A monſtrous dragon, full of fearfull uglineſſe.

XI.

" To her the gods, for her ſo dreadfull face,
" In fearefull darkneſſe, furtheſt from the ſkie
" And from the earth, appointed have her place
" Mongſt rocks and caves, where ſhe enrold doth lie
" In hideous horrour and obſcurity,
" Waſting the ſtrength of her immortall age;
" There did Typhaon with her company,
" Cruel Typhaon! whoſe tempeſtuous rage [aſſwage,
" Makes th'heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes

2

XII.

"Of that commixtion they did then beget
"This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast,
"A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
"Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
"And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
"The noblest wights with notable defame;
"Ne ever knight that bore so lofty creast,
"Ne ever lady of so honest name,
"But he them spotted with reproach or secrete shame.

XIII.

"In vaine therefore it were with medicine
"To goe about to salve such kind of sore,
"That rather needes wise read and discipline
"Then outward salves, that may augment it more."
"Aye me!" sayd then Serena, sighing sore,
"What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
"If that no salves may us to health restore?"
"But sith we need good counsell," sayd the swaine,
"Aread, good Sire! some counsell that may us sustaine."

XIV.

"The best," sayd he, "that I can you advize,
"Is to avoide th' occasion of the ill;
"For when the cause whence evill doth arize
"Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
"Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
"Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
"Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
"Shun secresie, and talke in open sight;
"So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight."

XV.

Thus having ſayd, his ſickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheaſt,
And kept ſo well his wiſe commaundements,
That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt,
And eke the biting of that harmefull beaſt
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreaſt,
Of that good hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other [leave:

XVI.

But each th'other vow'd t'accompany;
The lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The ſquire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need:
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy iade unmeetely ſet,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that ſhame to her befell,
And how thereof herſelfe ſhe did acquite,
I muſt awhile forbeare to you to tell,
Till that, as comes by courſe, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton prince did lite,
Purſuing that proud knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine ſo foule deſpight,
And eke his lady, though ſhe ſickly were,
So lewdly had abuſde as ye did lately heare.

XVIII.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Purſu'd him ſtreight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and uſage bad
With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad;
Ne wight with him on that adventure went
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being ſhent,
Would he reſtrained be from his attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne ſtayd till that he came into the hall;
Where ſoft diſmounting like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there muſt make abode;
The whiles the ſalvage man did take his ſteede,
And in ſome ſtable neare did ſet him up to feede.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wiſe him aſked what he was?
That durſt ſo boldly, without let or ſhame,
Into his lord's forbidden hall to paſſe:
To whom the prince, him fayning to embaſe,
Mylde anſwer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble caſe
Through many wounds which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why? his lord of old
Did hate all errant knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of dore, doing his worst assay.

XXII.

Which when the salvage coming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And running streight upon that villaine base,
Like a fell lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes in present vew
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore;
So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noise, whilest he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same knight and salvage standing by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slaine them presently;
But the bold prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might he did repel
And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them ſtill ſo ſharpely did purſew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled
Thoſe evill tidings to their lord to ſhew;
Who hearing how his people badly ſped,
Came forth in haſt; where whenas with the dead
He ſaw the ground all ſtrow'd, and that ſame knight
And ſalvage with their bloud freſh-ſteeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
And with reproachfull words him thus beſpake on
[hight;

XXV.

" Art thou he, Traytor! that with treaſon vile
" Haſt ſlaine my men in this unmanly maner,
" And now triumpheſt in the piteous ſpoile
" Of theſe poore folk, whoſe ſoules with black diſhonor
" And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
" The meede whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
" And wretched end, which ſtill attendeth on her."
With that himſelfe to battell he did frame,
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI.

With dreadfull force they all did him aſſaile,
And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſſe,
That on his ſhield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempeſt, that in ſuch diſtreſſe
He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſſe;
And evermore that craven cowherd knight
Was at his backe with heartleſſe heedineſſe,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might;
For cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

XXVII.

Whereof wheńas the prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being buſie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling ſome curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement;
So likewiſe turnde the prince upon the knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadfull ſtrokes had taſted,
Durſt not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him haſted
Through the thick preaſe, there thinking him to hyde;
But when the prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrinke aſyde,
But ioyning cloſe, huge lode at him did lay,
Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.

But when his foe he ſtill ſo eager ſaw,
Unto his heeles himſelfe he did betake,
Hoping unto ſome refuge to withdraw;
Ne would the prince him ever foot forſake
Whereſo he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whyleſt every ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increaſe his ſpeedie pace.

XXX.

At laſt he up into the chamber came,
Whereas his love was ſitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became;
There did the prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her him to bemone,
And with his ſword him on the head did ſmyte,
That to the ground he fell in ſenſeleſſe ſwone;
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred ſteele did not into his brayne-pan byte.

XXXI.

Which when the ladie ſaw, with great affright
She ſtarting up began to ſhrieke aloud,
And with her garment covering him from ſight,
Seem'd under her protection him to ſhroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bowd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him beſought, and prayd, and vow'd,
That with the ruth of her ſo wretched caſe,
He ſtayd his ſecond ſtrooke, and did his hand abaſe.

XXXII.

Her weed ſhe then withdrawing did him diſcover,
Who now come to himſelfe, yet would not rize,
But ſtill did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the prince his baſeneſſe did deſpize;
And eke his dame him ſeeing in ſuch guize,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare;
Who riſing up at laſt in ghaſtly wize,
Like troubled ghoſt did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

XXXIII.

Whom when the prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmayd,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
" Vile cowheard Dogge! now doe I much repent
" That ever I this life unto thee lent,
" Whereof thou, Caytive! ſo unworthie art,
" That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
" And eke thyſelfe, for want of manly hart,
" And eke all knights, haſt ſhamed with this knight-
[leſſe part.

XXXIV.

" Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
" And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare;
" For firſt, it was to thee reprochfull blame
" T'erect this wicked cuſtome, which I heare
" Gainſt errant knights and ladies thou doſt reare;
" Whom when thou mayſt thou doſt of arms deſpoile,
" Or of their upper garment which they weare;
" Yet doeſt thou not with manhood, but with guile
" Maintaine this evil uſe, thy foes thereby to foile.

XXXV.

" And, laſtly, in approvance of thy wrong,
" To ſhew ſuch faintneſſe and foule cowardize
" Is greateſt ſhame; for oft it falles that ſtrong
" And valiant knights doe raſhly enterprize
" Either for fame or elſe for exercize,
" A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight,
" Yet have through proweſſe and their brave emprize
" Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight;
" For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong
then right.

XXXVI.

"Yet ſince thy life unto this lady fayre
"I given have, live in reproch and ſcorne,
"Ne ever armes, ne ever knighthood, dare
"Hence to profeſſe, for ſhame is to adorne
"With ſo brave badges one ſo baſely borne,
"But onely breath, ſith that I did forgive."
So having from his craven bodie torne
Thoſe goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely ſuffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII.

There whileſt he thus was ſetling things above,
Atwene that lady myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that ſalvage wight
Amongſt ſo many foes, whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlaine in ſo unequall fight;
Therefore deſcending backe in haſte, he ſought
If yet he were alive, or to deſtruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
With ſlaughtred bodies, which his hand had ſlaine,
And laying yet afreſh with courage ſtout
Upon the reſt that did alive remaine,
Whom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafetie,
After he gotten had, with buſie paine,
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flie.

XXXIX.

Whom when the prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approaching to him neare, his hand he ſtayd,
And ſought, by making ſignes, him to aſſwage;
Who him perceiving, ſtreight to him obayd,
As to his lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts bene trayned:
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber where that dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

XL.

Whom when the ſalvage ſaw from daunger free,
Sitting beſide his ladie there at eaſe,
He well remembred that the ſame was hee
Which lately ſought his lord for to diſpleaſe;
Tho all in rage he on him ſtreight did ſeaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent,
And were not that the prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent;
But ſtreight he held his hand at his commaundement.

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt,
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt;
For well ſhe knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight that were not too infeſt,
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous ſkill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fayned,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings whom ſhe trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay;
Thereto, when needed, ſhe could weep and pray,
And when her liſted ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmyling ſmoothly, like to ſommer's day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her tears but [water.

XLIII.

Whether ſuch grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not fynd;
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applyde
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifyde
The wrathfull prince, and wrought her huſband's [peace;
Who natheleſſe not therewith ſatisfyde,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell revenge ſurceaſſe:

XLIV.

For all that night, the whyles the prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe awayt with weapons preſt,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent;
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whyleſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next the prince did early rize,
And paſſed forth to follow his firſt enterprize.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK VI. CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treasons meed:
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
For love's disdaine decreed.

I.

Like as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes
In cancred malice and revengefull spight;
For to maligne, t'envie, t'use shifting slight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat,
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind, malitious and ingrate,
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
For all that shame which kindled inward hate;
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

III.

Well did he tract his ſteps as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daunger's eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be deſcryde,
Untill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote worke him ſcath and villeny:
At laſt he met two knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd whatever chaunce were blowne
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

IV.

To whom falſe Turpine comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie
Which a ſtraunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare ladie ſhent;
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

V.

The knights beleev'd that all he ſayd was trew,
And being freſh and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them, "Where is that wight,
"The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
"That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed?"

VI.

"He rides," ſaid Turpine, "there not farre afore,
"With a wyld man ſoft footing by his ſyde,
"That if ye liſt to haſte a litle more,
"Ye may him over-take in timely tyde."
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle prince not farre away they ſpyde,
Ryding a ſoftly pace with portance ſad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe; "Falſe traytour Knight!
"Foule woman-wronger"—for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ran; but th' one did miſſe his marke,
And being carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by, like to that heavenly ſparke
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the hea-
[vens darke.

VIII.

But th'other ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhivered quite,
And ſcattered all about fell on the flowre;
But the ſtout prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre
Full on his bever did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele through piercing did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his own bloody gore,

IX.

As when a caſt of faulcons make their flight
At an herneſhaw that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring,
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Herſelfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing,
But th'other, not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Fayles of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

X.

By this the other, which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recovering, was return'd to fight,
Where when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight;
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let drive at him with ſo malitious mynd,
As if he would have paſſed through him quight;
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he deſynd.

XI.

Not ſo the prince, for his well-learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hould, and from his horſe's backe
Above a launce's length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake;
Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand, his terror more to breed.

XII.

The fearfull ſwaine beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercy him to ſave,
In lieu whereof he would to him deſcrie
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reave:
The prince ſoone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus ſaid he, "There is a ſtraunger knight,
"The which for promiſe of great meed us drave
"To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
"For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might."

XIII.

The prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſayd, "Now ſure ye well have earn'd your meed,
"For th'one is dead, and th'other ſoone ſhall die,
"Unleſſe to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
"The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
He, glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſſe, but him whereſo he were would
[ſeeke.

XIV.

So up he roſe, and forth ſtreightway he went
Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore
And grieſly wounds, that him appalled ſore;
Yet thus at length he ſaid, "How now, Sir Knight!
"What meaneth this which here I ſee before?
"How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
"So different from that which earſt ye ſeem'd in
ſight?"

XV.

"Perdie," ſaid he, "in evill houre it fell,
"That ever I for meed did undertake
"So hard a taſke as life for hyre to ſell,
"The which I earſt adventur'd for your ſake,
"Witneſſe the wounds, and this wide bloudie lake,
"Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme;
"Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promiſe make,
"My due reward, the which right well I deeme
"I yearned have, that life ſo dearely did redeeme."

XVI.

"But where then is, " quoth he, halfe wrothfully,
"Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
"That curſed caytive, my ſtrong enemy
"That recreant knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
"And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?"
"He lyes," ſaid he, "upon the cold bare ground,
"Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought,
"Whom afterwards myſelfe with many a wound
"Did ſlay againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound."

XVII.

Thereof falſe Turpin was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtreight to the place would ryde,
Where he himſelfe might ſee his foeman ſlaine,
For elſe his feare could not be ſatisfyde:
So as they rode he ſaw the way all dyde
With ſtreames of bloud, which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came whereas in evill tyde
That other ſwayne, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of Death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the craven seeme to mone his case,
That for his sake his deare life had forgone,
And him bewayling with affection base,
Did counterfeit kynd pittie where was none,
For where's no courage there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence passing forth, not farre away he found
Whereas the prince himselfe lay all alone,
Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in swound.

XIX.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest,
The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe some thing that seemed to him best,
The whyles his lord in silver slomber lay,
Like to the evening starre adorn'd with deawy ray:

XX.

Whom whenas Turpin saw so loosely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had sayd;
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead:
Whereat much griev'd against the straunger knight,
That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have backe retyred from that fight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest despight:

XXI.

But that ſame knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainely gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchieſe and late luckleſſe ſmart,
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquiſhed and put to foule diſgrace;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world whereſo he went,
Till that he him delivered to his puniſhment.

XXII.

He therewith much abaſhed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine,
And ſoftly whiſpering him, entyrely prayd
T'advize him better then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray unto a ſtraunger ſwaine;
Yet rather counſeld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To ioyne with him, and vengeance to devize,
Whyleſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſur- [prize.

XXIII.

Natheleſſe for all his ſpeech the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to ſuch villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by falſe treacherie,
Great ſhame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whyleſt they were debating diverſlie,
The ſalvage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Backe to the place whereas his lord he ſleeping vew'd.

XXIV.

There when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neare him ſtand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet great ſtore of forreſt frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himſelfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken-plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root, which he ſo ſternly ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he ſpyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He ſtarted up, and ſnatching near his ſyde
His truſtie ſword, the ſervant of his might,
Like a fell lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd;
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him ſayd,
But holding up his hands, with ſilence mercie prayd.

XXVI.

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of ſervile yoke, that nobler harts repine;
Then letting him ariſe like abieƈt thrall,
He gan to him obieƈt his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And, laſtly, to deſpoyle of knightly bannerall;

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
However they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe.
But turne we now backe to that ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an aſſe,
Led by a carle and foole, which by her ſide did paſſe.

XXVIII.

She was a ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the Land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of Nature's grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th'harts of many a knight and many a gentle ſquire:

XXIX.

But ſhe thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthie thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all that love unto her ment;
Yet was ſhe lov'd of many a worthy pere,
Unworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright;
For beautie is more glorious, bright, and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe that ſerved is of nobleſt knight.

XXX.

But this coy damzell thought contrariwize,
That ſuch proud looks would make her prayſed more,
And that the more ſhe did all love deſpize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared ſhe who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that liſt their luckleſſe lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would ever live, and love her owne delight.

XXXI.

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifneſſe and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languiſh long in life-conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt through dreary dolour die;
Whyleſt ſhe, the ladie of her libertie,
Did boaſt her beautie had ſuch ſoveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye
She could or ſave or ſpill whom ſhe would hight;
What could the gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

XXXII.

But loe the gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this mayden's pride,
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whileſt ſhe did weepe, of no man merciſide;
For on a day when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe reſort,
That of their loves ſucceſſe they there may make re- [port,

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all Love's folke were fyled,
That many there were miſſing which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoyled;
Which whenas Cupid heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

XXXIV.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſuit and ſervice to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew;
Therefore a iurie was impaneld ſtreight
T'enquire of them whether by force or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convayd;
To whom foule Infamie and fell Deſpight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious mayd:

XXXV.

Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crymes ſhe there indited was;
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure wil'd a Capias
Should iſſue forth t'attach that ſcornefull laſſe:
The warrant ſtraight was made, and therewithall
A baylieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call,
He which doth ſummon lovers to Love's iudgment hall.

XXXVI.

The damzell was attacht, and ſhortly brought
Unto the barre whereas ſhe was arrayned,
But ſhe thereto nould plead, nor anſwere ought,
Even for ſtubborne pride, which her reſtrayned;
So iudgement paſt, as is by law ordayned
In caſes like; which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which love before diſdayned,
Gan ſtoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde Mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

XXXVII.

The ſonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peeviſhneſſe,
Unto her prayers piteouſly enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſſe
He unto her a penance did impoſe,
Which was, that through this world's wyde wildernes
She wander ſhould in companie of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſav'd ſo many loves as ſhe did loſe.

XXXVIII.

So now ſhe had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world in this uncomely caſe,
Waſting her goodly hew in heavy teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous diſgrace;
Yet had ſhe not in all theſe two yeares ſpace
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before
Thro' her diſpiteous pride, whileſt love lackt place,
She had deſtroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me, how could her love make half amends thereſore!

XXXIX.

And now ſhe was uppon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle ſquire with faire Serene
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evil termes and cruell meane
That he could make, and eeke that angry foole,
Which follow'd her, with curſed hands uncleane
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting toole
Oft whip her dainty ſelfe, and much augment her [doole.

XL.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th'other better her to uſe,
For both ſo wilfull were and obſtinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuſe,
And rather did the more her beate and bruſe;
But moſt the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling iade, was bent her to abuſe,
Who though ſhe were with wearineſſe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor reſt a little ſtead:

XLI.

For he was ſterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of man's ſtature,
And rather like a gyant monſtruous;
For ſooth he was deſcended of the hous
Of thoſe old gyants which did warres darraine
Againſt the heaven in order battailous,
And ſib to great Orgolio, which was ſlaine
By Arthure, whenas Una's knight he did maintaine.

XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing aſkew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his over-weening pryde,
And ſtalking ſtately like a crane did ſtryde
At every ſtep uppon the tiptoes hie;
And all the way he went, on every ſyde
He gaz'd about and ſtared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight,
But in a iacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton, he was ſtraungely dight;
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was Diſdaine, who led that ladies horſe
Thro' thick and thin, thro' mountains and thro' plains,
Compelling her where ſhe would not by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines;
But that ſame foole, which moſt increaſt her paines,
Was Scorne, who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and ſtill when ſhe complaines
The more he laughes, and does her cloſely quip,
To ſee her ſo lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV.

Whoſe cruell handling when that ſquire beheld,
And ſaw thoſe villaines her ſo vildely uſe,
His gentle heart with indignation ſweld,
And could no lenger beare ſo great abuſe,
As ſuch a lady ſo to beate and bruſe,
But to him ſtepping, ſuch a ſtroke him lent,
That forſt him th'halter from his hand to looſe,
And maugre all his might backe to relent,
Elſe had he ſurely there bene ſlaine or fowly ſhent.

XLVI.

The villaine, wroth for greeting him ſo ſore,
Gathered himſelfe together ſoone againe,
And with his yron batton which he bore
Let drive at him ſo dreadfully amaine,
That for his ſafety he did him conſtraine
To give him ground, and ſhift to every ſide,
Rather then once his burden to ſuſtaine;
For bootleſſe thing him ſeemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or prove the puiſſaunce of his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a maſtiffe having at a bay
A ſalvage bull, whoſe cruell hornes doe threat
Deſperate daunger if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To ſpy where he may ſome advantage get,
The whiles the beaſt doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the ſquire, the whiles the carle did fret
And fume in his diſdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound ſwore.

XLVIII.

Natheleſſe ſo ſharpely ſtill he him purſewd,
That at advantage him at laſt he tooke,
When his foote ſlipt, (that ſlip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him ſtrooke,
Where ſtill he lay, ne out of ſwoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the carle upon him layd,
And bound him faſt: tho when he up did looke,
And ſaw himſelfe captiv'd, he was diſmayd,
Ne powre had to withſtand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd,
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him ſpare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often ſcourg'd, and forſt his feete to fynd;
And otherwhiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him ſcorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the other's blowes:
Words ſharpely wound, but greateſt griefe of ſcorning [growes.

L.

The faire Serena, when ſhe ſaw him fall
Under that villaines club, then ſurely thought
That ſlaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeede ſhe mought
To ſeeke for ſafety, which long time ſhe ſought,
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe againe to Calepine was brought;
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further ſay.

## BOOK VI. CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Diſdaine;
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of ſalvage,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

YE gentle Ladies! in whoſe ſoveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th'hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath unto your hands by gift,
Be well aware how ye the ſame doe uſe,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift,
Leaſt if men you of cruelty accuſe,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuſe.

II.

And as ye ſoft and tender are by kynde,
Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye ſoft and tender eeke in mynde,
But cruelty and hardneſſe from you chace,
That all your other praiſes will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate:
Enſample take of Mirabellaes caſe,
Who from the high degree of happy ſtate
Fell into wretched woes, which ſhe repented late.

III.

Who after thraldome of the gentle ſquire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery;
Which booted nought for prayers nor for threat
To hope for to releaſe or mollify,
For aye the more that ſhe did them entreat,
The more they him miſuſt, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him ſtill reviling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight whom he before
Having ſubdew'd, yet did to life reſtore)
To whom as they approcht they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement,
As if it them ſhould grieve to ſee his puniſhment.

V.

The ſquire himſelfe, whenas he ſaw his lord
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe in place,
Was much aſham'd that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive caſe,
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee or to be ſeene at all;
Shame would be hid: but whenas Enias
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall;

VI.

And to the prince thus ſayd, " See you, Sir Knight,
" The greateſt ſhame that ever eye yet ſaw,
" Yond lady and her ſquire, with foule deſpight,
" Abuſde againſt all reaſon and all law,
" Without regard of pitty or of awe:
" See how they doe that ſquire beat and revile;
" See how they doe the lady hale and draw:
" But if ye pleaſe to lend me leave awhile,
" I will them ſoone acquite, and both of blame aſſoile."

VII.

The prince aſſented; and then he ſtreightway
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approaching thus he gan to ſay;
" Abide, ye caytive Treachetours untrew,
" That have with treaſon thralled unto you
" Theſe two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
" And now your crime with cruelty purſew;
" Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
" Or elſe abide the death that hard before you ſtands."

VIII.

The villaine ſtayd not aunſwer to invent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes ſad meſſage backe unto him ſent,
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay,
No more then lightening from the lofty ſky;
Ne liſt the knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death, but lightly ſlipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended deſtiny:

IX.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the carle with paine
Saved himſelfe, but that he there him ſlew;
Yet ſav'd not ſo, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory,
Who therewith fleſht, upon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke thought certainely
To have ſupplyde the firſt, and paide the uſury:

X.

But Fortune aunſwerd not unto his call;
For as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brond-yron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon himſelfe againe
He driven was to ground in ſelfe deſpight,
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had ſet his foote with fell diſdaine.

XI.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whileſt on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him, and held ſo ſtrayte,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not weld him any way;
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their corage ſtout.

XII.

As when a ſturdy ploughman with his hynde
By ſtrength have overthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They downe him hold, and faſt with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare;
So did theſe two this knight oft tug and teare:
Which when the prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteede to aide him neare,
And buckling ſoone himſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that carle, to ſave his friend from ieopardy.

XIII.

The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Sometimes aloft he layd, ſometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the prince ſo well enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas,
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At laſt the caytive, after long diſcourſe,
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoyded quite,
Reſolved in one t'aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorſe.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull inſtrument of yre
Thought ſure have pownded him to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre,
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire;
For ere his ſtroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his deſire,
Under his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was unable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground like to a lumpe of durt,
Whence he aſſayed to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

XVII.

Eftſoones the prince to him full nimbly ſtept,
And leaſt he ſhould recover foote againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to have ſwept;
Which when the lady ſaw, ſhe cryde amaine,
"Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight; for love of God abſtaine
"From that unwares ye weetleſſe doe intend;
"Slay not that carle, though worthy to be ſlaine,
"For more on him doth then himſelfe depend;
"My life will by his death have lamentable end."

XVIII.

He ſtaide his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to arize,
But ſtill ſuppreſſing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her ſafety lies;
That were no might in man, nor heart in knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reſkue enterprize,
Yet heavens themſelves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for itſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

XIX.

Then burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water-ſtreams, awhile ſhe ſtayd,
Till the ſharp paſſion being overpaſt,
Her tongue to her reſtord, then thus ſhe ſayd;
" Nor heavens nor men can me, moſt wretched mayd!
" Deliver from the doome of my deſart,
" The which the god of Love hath on me layd,
" And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
" For penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

XX.

" In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre
" Of beauty gan to bud, and bloſmе delight,
" And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
" Of all her gifts that pleaſde each living ſight,
" I was belov'd of many a gentle knight,
" And ſude and ſought with all the ſervice dew;
" Full many a one for me deepe groand and ſight,
" And to the dore of death for ſorrow drew, [rew.
" Complayning out on me that would not on them

XXI.

" But let them love that lift, or live or die,
" Me lift not die for any lover's doole;
" Ne lift me leave my loved libertie
" To pitty him that lift to play the foole;
" To love myfelf I learned had in fchoole.
" Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
" And fitting careleffe on the fcorner's ftoole,
" Did laugh at thofe that did lament and plaine;
" But all is now repayd with intereft againe.

XXII.

" For loe the winged god that woundeth harts,
" Caufde me be called to accompt therefore,
" And for revengement of thofe wrongfull fmarts
" Which I to others did inflict afore,
" Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce fore,
" That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
" With thefe two lewd companions, and no more,
" Difdaine and Scorne, I through the world fhould [ftray,
" Till I have fav'd fo many as I earft did flay."

XXIII.

" Certes," fayd then the prince, " the god is juft,
" That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples fpoile;
" For were no law in love, but all that luft
" Might them oppreffe, and painefully turmoile,
" His kingdome would continue but awhile.
" But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
" This bottle thus before you with fuch toile,
" And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
" That for thefe carles to carry much more comely were?"

XXIV.

"Here in this bottle," sayd the sory mayd,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
"Till to the brim I have it full defrayd;
"And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
"I put repentaunce for things past and gon:
"Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
"That all which I put in fals out anon,
"And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
"Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more [I mourn."

XXV.

The infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupid's iudg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake himselfe on them that him despise:
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up himselfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late lucklesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

XXVI.

But being up, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall,
And with sterne eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withall;
And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could apall,
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne or ſeene at all,
He from thoſe bands weend him to have unwound;
But when approaching neare he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle ſquire,
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with ſeeing ſatisfie his great deſire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the ſalvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreſſing th'other knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kight
Unto ſome carrion offered to his ſight,
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So ſore him ſcourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.

XXIX.

And ſure I weene had not the ladies cry
Procur'd the prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye;
But being checkt, he did abſtaine ſtreightway,
And let him riſe: then thus the prince gan ſay;
"Now, Lady, ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
"That if ye liſt have liberty ye may,
"Unto yourſelfe I freely leave to choſe,
"Whether I ſhall you leave, or from theſe villaines [loſe."

XXX.

"Ah! nay, Sir Knight," said she, "it may not be,
"But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
"This penaunce, which enioyned is to me,
"Least unto me betide a greater ill;
"Yet no lesse thankes to you for your good will."
So humbly taking leave she turnd aside;
But Arthure with the rest went onward still
On his first quest, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

XXXI.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
Of faire Serena, who, as earst you heard,
When first the gentle squire at variaunce fell
With those two carles, fled fast away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd;
So fresh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble which did tread,
And every body two, and two she foure did read.

XXXII.

Thro' hils and dales, thro' bushes and thro' breres,
Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
Herselfe now past the perill of her feares;
Then looking round about, and seeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
And sitting downe herselfe, a while bethought
Of her long travell and turmoyling paine,
And often did of love, and oft of lucke, complaine.

XXXIII.

And evermore ſhe blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her owne true knight,
As th'onely author of her wofull tine,
For being of his love to her ſo light,
As her to leave in ſuch a piteous plight;
Yet never turtle truer to his make
Then he was tride unto his lady bright,
Who all this while endured for her ſake
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

XXXIV.

Tho whenas all her plaints ſhe had diſplayd,
And well diſburdened her engrieved breſt,
Upon the graſſe herſelfe adowne ſhe layd,
Where being tyrde with travell, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betooke herſelfe to reſt;
There whileſt in Morpheus' boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Fearleſſe of ought that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray
Unto a ſtraunge miſchaunce, that menac'd her decay.

XXXV.

In theſe wylde deſerts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſalvage nation, which did live
Of ſtealth and ſpoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders, ne did give
Themſelves to any trade (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And ſerve their owne neceſſities with others need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by Fortune blinde
Whereas this lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

XXXVII.

Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst themselves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace,
For ioy of such good hap by heavenly grace:
Then gan they to devize what course to take,
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

XXXVIII.

The best advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment,
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better;
Then when she wakt, they all gave one consent
That since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their god they would her sacrifize,
Whose share her guiltlesse bloud they would present;
But of her dainty flesh they did devize
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themſelves did place
Upon the graſſe, and diverſely diſpoſe,
As each thought beſt to ſpend the lingring ſpace;
Some with their eyes the dainteſt morſels choſe,
Some praiſe her paps, ſome praiſe her lips and noſe,
Some whet their knives, and ſtrip their elboes bare;
The prieſt himſelfe a garland doth compoſe
Of fineſt flowers, and with full buſie care
His bloudy veſſels waſh, and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The damzell wakes; then all attonce upſtart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the braſen ſkies:
Which when ſhe ſees with ghaſtly grieſful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes; then out aloud ſhe cries
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

XLI.

But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay,
And firſt they ſpoile her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array,
The which amongſt them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare:
Now being naked, to their ſordid eyes
The goodly threaſures of nature appeare,
Which as they view with luſtfull fantaſyes,
Each wiſheth to himſelfe, and to the reſt envyes.

XLII.

Her yvorie neck, her alablaſter breſt,
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were
For Love in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
Her tender ſides, her bellie white and clere,
Which like an altar did itſelfe uprere
To offer ſacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighs, whoſe glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall arch, and thereupon
The ſpoiles of princes hang'd, which were in battel [won.

XLIII.

Thoſe daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Thoſe villeins vew'd with looſe laſcivious ſight,
And cloſely tempted with their craftie ſpyes;
And ſome of them gan mongſt themſelves devize
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure;
But them the prieſt rebuking, did advize
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred threaſure
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in mea- [ſure.

XLIV.

So being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farr aſyde,
In which an altar ſhortly they erected,
To ſlay her on: and now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this diſpred, that was the tyme ordayned
For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hyde;
Of few greene turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand obtayned.

XLV.

Tho whenas all things readie were aright,
The damzell was before the altar ſet,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright;
To whom the prieſt with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter cloſe a certaine ſecret charme,
With other diveliſh ceremonies met;
Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
Whereat they ſhouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to ſhrill
And ſhrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confuſed, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce;
The whyles ſhe wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye underſtand that to this grove
Sir Calepine by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The ſelfe ſame evening Fortune hither drove,
As he to ſeeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he ſought her, and through many a ſoyle
Had traveld ſtill on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endleſſe toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes;
And now all weetleſſe of the wretched ſtormes
In which his love was loſt, he ſlept full faſt,
Till being waked with theſe loud alarmes,
He lightly ſtarted up like one aghaſt,
And catching up his arms, ſtreight to the noiſe forth [paſt.

XLVIII.

There by th'uncertaine glims of ſtarry night,
And by the twinkling of their ſacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning ſight
Of all which there was doing in that quire;
Mongſt whom a woman ſpoyld of all attire
He ſpyde, lamenting her unluckie ſtrife,
And groning ſore from grieved hart entire;
Eftſoones he ſaw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her breſt, and let out loved life.

XLIX.

With that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng,
And even as his right hand adowne deſcends,
As him preventing, lays on earth along,
And ſacrifizeth to th'infernall feends;
Then to the reſt his wrathful hand he bends,
Of whom he makes ſuch havocke and ſuch hew,
That ſwarmes of damned ſoules to hell he ſends;
The reſt, that ſcape his ſword and death eſchew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcon's vew.

L.

From them returning to that ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth ſitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what ſhe ought by kind,
He firſt her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to queſtion of her preſent woe,
And afterwards to cheare with ſpeaches kind;
But ſhe, for nought that he could ſay or doe,
One word durſt ſpeake, or anſwere him a whit thereto.

LI.

So inward ſhame of her uncomely caſe
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her diſgrace,
Yet ſhe in ſo unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the ſtate in which ſhe ſtood,
So all that night to him unknown ſhe paſt;
But day, that doth diſcover bad and good,
Enſewing, made her knowen to him at laſt,
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another caſt.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK VI. CANTO IX.

Calidore hoſtes with Melibee,
And loves fayre Paſtorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I.

Now turne againe my teme, thou iolly Swayne,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft,
Yet ſeem'd the ſoyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it paſt; that were too great a ſhame
That ſo rich frute ſhould be from us bereft,
Beſides the great diſhonour and defame
Which ſhould befall to Calidore's immortall name.

II.

Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
And toyle endured, ſith I left him laſt
Sewing the Blatant Beaſt, which I forbore
To finiſh then for other preſent haſt:
Full many pathes and perils he hath paſt,
Thro' hils, thro' dales, thro' foreſts, and thro' plaines,
In that ſame queſt which Fortune on him caſt,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his reſtleſſe paines.

III.

So ſharply he the monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffred him to reſt,
Ne reſted he himſelfe, (but Nature's dew)
For dread of daunger not to be redreſt,
If he for ſlouth forſlackt ſo famous queſt.
Him firſt from court he to the citties courſed,
And from the citties to the townes him preſt,
And from the townes into the countrie forſed,
And from the country back to private farmes he [ſcorſed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And ſhepheards ſinging to their flockes that fed,
Layes of ſweet love and youthes delightfull heat;
Him thether eke for all his fearefull threat
He followed faſt, and chaſed him ſo nie,
That to the folds, where ſheepe at night doe ſeat,
And to the litle cots, where ſhepherds lie
In winter's wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V.

There on a day as he purſew'd the chace,
He chaunſt to ſpy a ſort of ſhepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes and caroling apace,
The whyles their beaſts there in the budded broomes
Beſide them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes,
For other worldly wealth they cared nought;
To whom Sir Calidore, yet ſweating, comes,
And them to tell him courteouſly beſought,
If ſuch a beaſt they ſaw, which he had thether brought.

VI.

They anſwer'd him, that no ſuch beaſt they ſaw,
Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw,
But if that ſuch there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to ſend.
Then one of them him ſeeing ſo to ſweat,
After his ruſticke wiſe, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke to quench his thirſtie heat,
And if he hungry were him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer; ſo adowne
They prayd him ſit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what as ſerves the ſimple clowne,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the towne:
Tho having fed his fill, he there beſyde
Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of ſundry flowres with ſilken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had [dyde.

VIII.

Upon a litle hillocke ſhe was placed
Higher then all the reſt, and round about
Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely laſſes; and them all without
The luſtie ſhepheard ſwaynes ſate in a rout,
The which did pype and ſing her prayſes dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder ſhout,
As if ſome miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them deſcended in that earthly vew.

IX.

And foothly fure she was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim;
Who her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their soveraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there shepheard's swayne,
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone;
But most of all the shepheard Coridon
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend;
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind [ascend.

XI.

Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a prince's paragone esteemed,
He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

XII.

So ſtood he ſtill long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his queſt were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he ſtay,
And ſate there ſtill, untill the flying day
Was farre forth ſpent, diſcourſing diverſly
Of ſundry things, as fell, to worke delay,
And evermore his ſpeach he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzel's fantazy.

XIII.

By this the moyſtie Night approaching faſt,
Her deawy humour gan on th'earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepheards to their homes to haſt
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed;
Then came to them a good old aged ſyre,
Whoſe ſilver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With ſhepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wil'd the damzell riſe, the day did now expyre.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice eſteemed
The father of the fayreſt Paſtorell,
And of herſelfe in very deede ſo deemed,
Yet was not ſo, but as old ſtories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and nourſed well
As his owne chyld, for other he had none,
That ſhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare,
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare;
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.

XVI.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home,
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge in then the salvage fields to rome;
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his hart's owne wish, and home with him did [go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honest syre,
And of his aged beldame homely well,
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell;
By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
After her flocke she in their fold had tyde,
And supper readie dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle knight, as he that did excell
In courteſie, and well could doe and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſſe as he found that day,
Gan greately thanke his hoſt and his good wife,
And drawing thence his ſpeach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life
Which ſhepheards lead without debate or bitter ſtrife.

XIX.

"How much," ſayd he, "more happie is the ſtate
"In which ye, Father, here doe dwell at eaſe,
"Leading a life ſo free and fortunate
"From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
"Which toſſe the reſt in daungerous diſeaſe,
"Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
"Doe them afflict, which no man can appeaſe?
"That certes I your happineſſe envie,
"And wiſh my lot were plaſt in ſuch felicitie."

XX.

"Surely, my Sonne," then anſwer'd he againe,
"If happie, then it is in this intent,
"That having ſmall, yet doe I not complaine
"Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
"But doe myſelfe with that I have content;
"So taught of Nature, which doth litle need
"Of forreine helpes to life's due nouriſhment;
"The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
"No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI.

" Therefore I doe not any one envy,
" Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
" They that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
" And store of cares doth follow riches store:
" The litle that I have growes dayly more
" Without my care, but onely to attend it;
" My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
" And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
" What have I but to praise th'Almighty that doth send it?

XXII.

" To them that list the world's gay showes I leave,
" And to great ones such follies doe forgive,
" Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
" And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
" To sad decay, that might contented live:
" Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
" Ne once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve,
" But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
" And all the day to what I list I doe attend.

XXIII.

" Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
" Unto my lambes, and him dislodge away;
" Sometime the fawne I practise from the doe,
" Or from the goat her kidde how to convay;
" Another while I baytes and nets display,
" The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle;
" And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
" My limbes in every shade, to rest from toyle,
" And drinke of every brooke, when thirst my throte doth boyle.

XXIV.

" The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeares,
" When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
" That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equall peares
" To follow ſheepe and ſhepheards baſe attire;
" For further fortune then I would inquire,
" And leaving home, to roiall court I ſought,
" Where I did ſell myſelfe for yearely hire,
" And in the Prince's gardin daily wrought;
" There I beheld ſuch vaineneſſe as I never thought.

XXV.

" With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long deluded
" With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
" After I had ten yeares myſelfe excluded
" From native home, and ſpent my youth in vaine,
" I gan my follies to myſelfe to plaine,
" And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then appeare;
" Tho backe returning to my ſheepe againe,
" I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
" This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

XXVI.

Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent,
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierſt his hart ſo neare,
That he was wrapt with double raviſhment,
Both of his ſpeach, that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the obiect of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent,
That twixt his pleaſing tongue and her faire hew
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occaſion meanes to worke his mind,
And to inſinuate his hart's deſire,
He thus replyde; "Now ſurely, Syre, I find
"That all this world's gay ſhowes, which we admire,
"Be but vaine ſhadows to this ſafe retyre
"Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
"Fearleſſe of foes, or Fortune's wrackfull yre,
"Which toſſeth ſtates, and under foot doth tread
"The mightie ones, affrayd of every change's dread.

XXVIII.

"That even I, which daily doe behold
"The glorie of the great, mongſt whom I won,
"And now have prov'd what happineſſe ye hold
"In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
"Now loath great lordſhip and ambition,
"And wiſh th'heavens ſo much had graced mee,
"As graunt me live in like condition,
"Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed bee
"From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

XXIX.

"In vaine," ſaid then old Melibee, "doe men
"The heavens of their fortune's fault accuſe,
"Sith they know beſt what is the beſt for them;
"For they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
"As they doe know each can moſt aptly uſe:
"For not that which men covet moſt is beſt,
"Nor that thing worſt which men do moſt refuſe,
"But fitteſt is that all contented reſt
"With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

XXX.

"It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
"That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
"For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
"Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
"And other, that hath litle, aſks no more,
"But in that litle is both rich and wiſe;
"For wiſdome is moſt riches; fooles therefore
"They are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
"Sith each unto himſelfe his life may fortunize."

XXXI.

"Since then in each man's ſelf," ſaid Calidore,
"It is to faſhion his owne lyfe's eſtate,
"Give leave awhyle, good Father! in this ſhore
"To reſt my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
"With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
"In ſeas of troubles and of toyleſome paine,
"That whether quite from them for to retrate
"I ſhall reſolve, or backe to turne againe,
"I may here with yourſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe obtaine.

XXXII.

"Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
"Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all,
"For your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
"And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
"Beſides, for recompence hereof, I ſhall
"You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
"That may perhaps you better much withall,
"And in this quiet make you ſafer live."
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; " Sir Knight, your bounteous proffer
" Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
" That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
" That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread;
" But if ye algates covet to aſſay
" This ſimple ſort of life that ſhepheards lead,
" Be it your owne; our rudeneſſe to yourſelfe aread."

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whileſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire Paſtorell,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane;
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courteſies he could invent,
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went;
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

XXXV.

But ſhe, that never had acquainted beene
With ſuch quient uſage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had ſuch knightly ſervice ſeene,
But being bred under baſe ſhepheards wings
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for Colin's carolings
Then all that he could doe or ev'r devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes, ſhe did them all deſpize.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it beſt
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke,
And doffing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
In ſhepheard's weed; and in his hand he tooke,
Inſtead of ſteele-head ſpeare, a ſhepheard's hooke,
That who had ſeene him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
When he the love of fayre Oenone ſought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the faire Paſtorella every day,
And kept her ſheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whyleſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play,
And every evening helping them to fold;
And otherwhiles for need he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milke; love ſo much could.

XXXVIII.

Which ſeeing, Coridon, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to game,
He much was troubled at that ſtraunger's guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the harveſt ere it ripened were,
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of Paſtorell to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did love a ſtranger ſwayne then him more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in companie,
Where Calidore was preſent, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and even for gealouſie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure;
Who on the other ſide did ſeeme ſo farre
From malicing or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of iarre.

XL.

And oft when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle ſparrowes ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrils in the woods farre ſought,
Or other daintie thing for her addreſt,
He would commend his guift, and make the beſt;
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her breſt;
This new-come ſhepheard had his market mard:
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.

XLI.

One day whenas the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met, to make their ſports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire ſunſhynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded bee,
They fell to daunce; then did they all agree
That Colin Clout ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit,
And Calidore ſhould lead the ring, as hee
That moſt in Paſtorellaes grace did ſit;
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip cloſely bit.

XLII.

But Calidore of courteous inclination
Tooke Coridon, and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the daunce, as was his faſhion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace;
And whenas Paſtorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plaſt on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
And did it put on Coridon's inſtead;
Then Coridon woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did diſpoſe
To practiſe games and maiſteries to try,
They for their iudge did Paſtorella choſe,
A garland was the meed of victory;
There Coridon forth ſtepping, openly
Did chalenge Calidore to wreſtling game,
For he through long and perfect induſtry
Therein well practiſd was, and in the ſame
Thought ſure t'avenge his grudge, and worke his foe
[great ſhame.

XLIV.

But Calidore he greatly did miſtake;
For he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake,
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His deareſt ioynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Paſtorell
Given to Calidore as his due right,
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and ſaid he wonne it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle knight himſelfe abeare
Amongſt that ruſticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs;
For courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and favour; ſo it ſurely wrought
With this faire mayd, and in her mynde the ſeeds
Of perfect love did ſow, that laſt forth brought
The fruite of icy and bliſſe, though long time dearely [bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continu'd there long time,
To winne the love of the faire Paſtorell,
Which having got, he uſed without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged ſo well,
That he of all the reſt which there did dwell
Was favoured, and to her grace commended;
But what ſtraunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK VI. CANTO X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce
To Colin's melody;
The whiles his Paſtorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

Who now does follow the foule Blatant Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore does follow that faire mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow and high beheaſt,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he ſhould never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whoſe love his heart hath ſore
[engrieved:

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toile and paine;
Another queſt, another game, in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine,
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke ſort,
Rather then hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaſte, and ſayling alwaies in the port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe unto ſo low,
For who had taſted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleaſures which doe grow
Amongſt poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted ſhow
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe as there is ſet for ſtales
T'entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſhunne-ſhine that makes them looke aſkew;
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare,
The which, as commeth now by courſe, I will declare.

V.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whiles his faire Paſtorella was elſewhere,
He chaunſt to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place whoſe pleaſaunce did appere
To paſſe all others on the earth which were;
For all that ever was by Nature's ſkill
Deviz'd to worke delight was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne ſhe all the reſt did pill.

VI.

It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th'earth to disdaine,
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maiesty and powre:

VII.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne;
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
In the wood's shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit:

VIII.

And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
Did spred itselfe, to serve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or else to course-about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale;
So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale,
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

IX.

They ſay that Venus, when ſhe did diſpoſe
Herſelfe to pleaſaunce, uſed to reſort
Unto this place, and therein to repoſe
And reſt herſelfe as in a gladſome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and ſport,
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She uſed moſt to keepe her royall court,
And in her ſoveraine majeſty to ſit,
She in regard hereof refuſde, and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this place whenas the Elfin knight
Approcht, him ſeemed that the merry ſound
Of a ſhrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete faſt thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound:
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midſt a ſhepheard piping he did ſee.

XI.

He durſt not enter into th'open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be deſcryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were ſeene,
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them uneſpyde:
There he did ſee that pleaſed much his ſight,
That even he himſelfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

XII.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midſt of them
Three other ladies did both daunce and ſing,
The whileſt the reſt them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compaſſe ſtemme;
And in the middeſt of thoſe ſame three was placed
Another damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidſt a ring moſt richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly preſence all the reſt much graced.

XIII.

Looke how the crowne which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead that ſame day
That Theſeus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes, which did them diſmay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams diſplay,
And is unto the ſtarres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whoſe ſundry parts were here too long to tell,
But ſhe that in the midſt of them did ſtand
Seem'd all the reſt in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a roſie girlond, that right well
Did her beſeeme; and ever as the crew
About her daunſt, ſweet flowres that far did ſmell,
And fragrant odours, they uppon her threw,
But moſt of all thoſe three did her with gifts endew.

XV.

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of Delight,
Handmaides of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night;
Thoſe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
And all that Venus in herſelf doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them; but that faire one
That in the midſt was placed paravaunt,
Was ſhe to whom that ſhepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe ſo merrily as never none.

XVI.

She was to weete that iolly ſhepheard's laſſe
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That iolly ſhepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whileſt they him daunſt about.
Pype, iolly Shepheard! pype thou now apace
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is preſent there with thee in place,
Thy love is there advaunſt to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred Calidore at this ſtraunge ſight,
Whoſe like before his eye had never ſeene,
And ſtanding long aſtoniſhed in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſaunce, wiſt not what to weene,
Whether it were the traine of Beauties queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted ſhow,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene;
Therefore reſolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go:

XVIII.

But ſoone as he appeared to their vew,
They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew,
All ſave the ſhepheard, who, for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne;
But Calidore, though no leſſe ſory wight
For that miſhap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

XIX.

And firſt him greeting, thus unto him ſpake;
"Haile, iolly Shepheard! which thy ioyous dayes
"Here leadeſt in this goodly merry-make,
"Frequented of theſe gentle nymphes alwayes,
"Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes;
"Tell me what mote theſe dainty damzels be,
"Which here with thee doe make their pleaſant playes?
"Right happy thou, that mayeſt them freely ſee,
"But why when I them ſaw fled they away from me?"

XX.

"Not I ſo happy," anſwerd then that ſwaine,
"As thou unhappy, which them thence didſt chace,
"Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe,
"For being gone, none can them bring in place,
"But whom they of themſelves liſt ſo to grace."
"Right ſory I," ſaide then Sir Calidore,
"That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace;
"But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore,
"Tell me what were they all whoſe lacke thee grieves ſo ſore?"

XXI.

Tho gan that ſhepheard thus for to dilate;
" Then wote, thou ſhepheard, whatſoever thou bee,
" That all thoſe ladies which thou ſaweſt late
" Are Venus' damzels, all within her fee,
" But differing in honour and degree:
" They all are Graces, which on her depend,
" Beſides a thouſand more, which ready bee
" Her to adorne, whenſo ſhe forth doth wend;
" But thoſe three in the midſt doe chiefe on her at-
[tend:

XXII.

" They are the daughters of ſky-ruling Iove,
" By him begot of faire Eurynome,
" The Ocean's daughter, in this pleaſant grove,
" As he this way comming from feaſtfull glee
" Of Thetis' wedding with Aecidee,
" In ſommer's ſhade himſelfe here reſted weary;
" The firſt of them hight mylde Euphroſyne,
" Next faire Aglaia, laſt Thalia merry;
" Sweete goddeſſes all three, which me in mirth do
[cherry.

XXIII.

" Theſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtow,
" Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
" To make them lovely or well-favoured ſhow,
" As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
" Sweete ſemblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
" And all the complements of curteſie;
" They teach us how to each degree and kynde
" We ſhould ourſelves demeane, to low, to hie,
" To friends, to foes; which ſkill men call Civility.

XXIV.

" Therefore they alwaies ſmoothly ſeeme to ſmile,
" That we likewiſe ſhould mylde and gentle be;
" And alſo naked are, that without guile
" Or falſe diſſemblaunce all them plaine may ſee
" Simple and true, from covert malice free;
" And eeke themſelves ſo in their daunce they bore;
" But two of them ſtill froward ſeem'd to bee,
" But one ſtill towards ſhew'd herſelfe afore,
" That good ſhould from us goe, then come in greater
[ſtore.

XXV.

" Such were thoſe goddeſſes which ye did ſee;
" But that fourth mayd, which there amidſt them
" Who can aread what creature mote ſhe bee? [traced,
" Whether a creature, or a goddeſſe graced
" With heavenly gifts from heven firſt enraced?
" But whatſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
" To be the fourth with thoſe three other placed;
" Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe,
" Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe;

XXVI.

" So farre as doth the daughter of the Day
" All other leſſer lights in light excell;
" So farre doth ſhe in beautyfull array
" Above all other laſſes beare the bell;
" Ne leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well
" Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race;
" For which the Graces that here wont to dwell
" Have for more honor brought her to this place,
" And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

XXVII.

" Another Grace she well deserves to be,
" In whom so many graces gathered are,
" Excelling much the meane of her degree;
" Divine resemblaunce, beauty soveraine rare,
" Firme chastity, that spight ne blemish dare;
" All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
" That all her peres cannot with her compare,
" But quite are dimmed when she is in place;
" She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

" Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
" That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
" Great Gloriana! greatest maiesty,
" Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
" As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
" To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
" And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
" That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
" To future age, of her this mention may be made."

XXIX.

When thus that shepheard ended had his speach,
Sayd Calidore, " Now sure it yrketh mee
" That to thy blisse I made this lucklesse breach,
" As now the author of thy bale to be,
" Thus to bereave thy love's deare sight from thee;
" But gentle Shepheard! pardon thou my shame,
" Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
Thus did the courteous knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.

XXX.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led,
With which the knight himſelfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red,
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſenſes raviſhed,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht that with that ſhepheard he mote dwelling [ſhare.

XXXI.

But that envenimd ſting, the which of yore
His poiſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rancle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart,
Which to recure, no ſkill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wound's worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breſt had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded whale to ſhore flies from the maine.

XXXII.

So taking leave of that ſame gentle ſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſticke wonne,
Where his faire Paſtorella did remaine;
To whome in ſorte as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply himſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſervice, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure:

XXXIII.

And evermore the ſhepheard Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtrive to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or games to exercize,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunſt to arize
To him, the ſhepheard ſtraight with iealouſie did frize.

XXXIV.

One day as they all three together went
To the greene wood to gather ſtrawberies,
There chaunſt to them a dangerous accident;
A tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Paſtorell her to ſurprize,
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

XXXV.

Which Coridon firſt hearing ran in haſt
To reſkue her; but when he ſaw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the daunger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſaw readie now to rend
His love's deare ſpoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enraged, inſtead of being frayde.

XXXVI.

He had no weapon but his ſhepheard's hooke
To ſerve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell,
Whence ere he could recou'r he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire Paſtorell;
Who, ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thankt that had her death [prevented.

XXXVII.

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowherdize reiect,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, unfit for love's content;
The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement:
Yet Calidore did not deſpiſe him quight,
But uſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip he colour might
Both his eſtate and love from ſkill of any wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he wood her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſervice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt unto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And ioyed long in cloſe felicity,
Till Fortune, fraught with malice blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long proſperity,
Blew up a bitter ſtorme of foule adverſity.

XXXIX.

It fortuned one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough or spade,
But fed on spoile and booty which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoyld their houses, and themselves did murder,
And drove away their flocks, with other much disorder.

XL.

Amongst the rest the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away,
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella! sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
Now made the spoile of theeues and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
That ever liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

XLI.

With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away,
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convay:
Their dwelling in a little island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for over-growen gras:

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight, and covered over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts wherein they dwelt,
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

XLIII.

Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward,
Meaning so soone as they convenient may
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought herself in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade)
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## BOOK VI. CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Paſtorell,
Whileſt Melibee is ſlain;
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.

THE ioyes of love, if they ſhould ever laſt
Without affliction or diſquietneſſe
That worldly chaunces doe amongſt them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,
Liker to heaven then mortall wretchedneſſe;
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
To make it ſeeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befalne to this faire mayd,
Faire Paſtorell! of whom is now my ſong,
Who being now in dreadfull darkneſſe layd
Amongſt thoſe theeves, which her in bondage ſtrong
Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng,
That whoſo heares her heavineſſe, would rew [hew.
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſaunt

III.

Whyleſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares and heart's unreſt,
It ſo befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he which was their capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day as he did all his priſoners vew,
With luſtfull eyes beheld that lovely gueſt,
Faire Paſtorella, whoſe ſad mournefull hew
Like the faire morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

IV.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging whot,
That her alone he for his part deſired
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to himſelfe allot:
From that day forth he kyndneſſe to her ſhowed,
And ſought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts, he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V.

But all that ever he could doe or ſay
Her conſtant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love;
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

VI.

At laſt when him ſhe ſo importune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the raines would lend
Unto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or friend,
She thought it beſt for ſhadow to pretend
Some ſhew of favour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes ſhe did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perſwade
That he in time her ioyaunce ſhould obtaine;
But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall favour's gaine,
That further then ſhe willing was he preſt,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A ſodaine ſickeneſſe, which her ſore oppreſt,
And made unfit to ſerve his lawleſſe mindes beheſt.

VIII.

By meanes whereof ſhe would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meete for remedy;
But ſhe reſolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
Her ſickeneſſe was not of the body, but the mynde.

IX.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſicke did lie,
It chaunſt a ſort of merchants, which were wount
To ſkim thoſe coaſtes for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this iſle, though bare and blunt,
T'inquire for ſlaves; where being readie met
By ſome of theſe ſame theeves, at th' inſtant brunt
Were brought unto their captaine, who was ſet
By his faire patient's ſide with ſorrowfull regret:

X.

To whom they ſhewed how thoſe marchants were
Arriv'd in place their bondſlaves for to buy,
And therefore prayd that thoſe ſame captives there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.
This their requeſt the captaine much appalled,
Yet could he not their iuſt demaund deny,
And willed ſtreight the ſlaves ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt advantage not to be forſtalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibee was brought,
And Coridon, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverſe ſpoyles had caught,
All which he to the merchants ſale did ſhowe;
Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire ſhepherdeſſe,
Which with the reſt they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expreſſe,
The more t'augment her price through praiſe of comlineſſe.

XII.

To whom the captaine in full angry wize
Made anſwere, that the mayd of whom they ſpake
Was his owne purchaſe and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himſelfe, which did that conqueſt make;
Litle for him to have one ſilly laſſe;
Beſides through ſickneſſe now ſo wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandiſe to paſſe:
So ſhew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake ſhe [was.

XIII.

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light,
Yet like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkeſome night
With ſtarrie beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe marchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

XIV.

At laſt when all the reſt them offred were,
And priſes to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, however priſd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth above all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold;
But then the captaine, fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bad them be ſtill, his love ſhould not be ſold;
The reſt take if they would, he her to him would hold.

XV.

Therewith ſome other of the chiefeſt theeves
Boldly him bad ſuch iniurie forbeare,
For that ſame mayd, however it him greeves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare:
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay,
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare
That whoſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

XVI.

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for Death at large to walke,
Who in the horror of the grieſly night
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalke,
And makes huge havocke, whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched leaves no ſkill nor difference of wight.

XVII.

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs, ymet
About ſome carcaſe by the common way,
Doe fall together, ſtryving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray,
All on confuſed heapes themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare,
That who them ſees would wonder at their fray,
And who ſees not would be affrayd to heare;
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell Brigants there.

XVIII.

But firſt of all their captives they doe kill,
Leaſt they ſhould ioyne againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will;
Old Melibee is ſlaine, and him beſide
His aged wife, with many others wide;
But Coridon, eſcaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilſt darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as faſt as he can hye,
Ne ſtayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.

XIX.

But Paſtorella, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her ſafety then himſelfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended,
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was ſlaine and layd on ground,
Yet holding faſt, twixt both his armes extended,
Fayre Paſtoreli who with the ſelfe ſame wound
Launcht thro' the arme, fell down with him in drerie [ſwound.

XX.

There lay ſhe covered with confuſed preaſſe
Of carcaſes, which dying on her fell:
Tho when as he was dead the fray gan ceaſſe,
And each to other calling, did compell
To ſtay their cruell hands from ſlaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cauſe of all were gone:
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan ſearch anone,
How many of their friends were ſlaine, how many ſone.

XXI.

Their captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a ſweet angell twixt two clouds up-hild;
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death upon her eyes diſplayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darkneſſe layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To ſparke out litle beames, like ſtarres in foggie night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the carcaſes aſide,
They found that life did yet in her remaine;
Then all their helpes they buſily applyde
To call the ſoule backe to her home againe,
And wrought ſo well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at laſt;
Who ſighing ſore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene, and all her hart-ſtrings braſt,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghaſt

XXIII.

There ſhe beheld that ſore her griev'd to ſee,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Herſelfe ſole left, a ſecond ſpoyle to bee
Of thoſe that having ſaved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared ſhe her wound in teares to ſteepe,
Albe with all their might thoſe Brigants her did keepe.

XXIV.

But when they ſaw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her ſo, in charge of one, the beſt
Of many worſt, who with unkind diſdaine
And cruell rigour her did much moleſt,
Scarſe yeelding her due food or timely reſt,
And ſcarſely ſuffring her infeſtred wound,
That ſore her payn'd, by any to be dreſt.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And ſaw his ſhepheard's cottage ſpoyled quight,
And his love reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull ſight,
That even his hart for very fell deſpight,
And his owne fleſh, he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he ſight,
And fared like a furious wylde beare,
Whoſe whelpes are ſtolne away, ſhe being otherwhere.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,
That more increaſt the anguiſh of his paine:
He ſought the woods, but no man could ſee there;
He ſought the plaines, but could no tydings heare;
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The playnes all waſte and emptie did appeare;
Where wont the ſhepheards oft their pypes reſound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he
found.

XXVII.

At laſt as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunſt one coming towards him to ſpy,
That ſeem'd to be ſome ſorie ſimple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upſtaring hye,
As if he did from ſome late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd,
Who as he unto him approached nye,
He mote perceive, by ſignes which he did fynd,
That Coridon it was, the ſilly ſhepheard's hynd.

XXVIII.

Tho to him running faſt, he did not ſtay
To greet him firſt, but aſkt where were the reſt?
Where Paſtorell? who full of freſh diſmay,
And guſhing forth in teares, was ſo oppreſt,
That he no word could ſpeake, but ſmit his breſt
And up to heaven his eyes faſt ſtreming threw;
Whereat the knight amaz'd, yet did not reſt,
But aſkt againe what ment that rufull hew?
Where was his Paſtorell? where all the other crew?

XXIX.

"Ah! well away," ſayd he then, ſighing ſore,
"That ever I did live this day to ſee,
"This diſmall day, and was not dead before,
"Before I ſaw faire Paſtorella dye."
"Die! out, alas!" Then Calidore did cry,
"How could the death dare ever her to quell?
"But read, thou Shepheard, read what deſtiny,
"Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
"Hath wrought this wicked deed? doe feare away, and tell."

XXX.

Tho when the ſhepheard breathed had awhyle,
He thus began; " Where ſhall I then commence
" This wofull tale? or how thoſe Brigants vyle,
" With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
" Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence?
" Or how faire Paſtorell ſhould have bene ſold
" To marchants, but was ſav'd with ſtrong defence?
" Or how thoſe theeves, whileſt one ſought her to hold,
" Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and [bold?

XXXI.

" In that ſame conflict (woe is me!) befell
" This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
" Whoſe heavy tydings now I have to tell.
" Firſt all the captives, which they here had hent,
" Were by them ſlaine by generall conſent;
" Old Melibee and his good wife withall
" Theſe eyes ſaw die, and dearely did lament;
" But when the lot to Paſtorell did fall,
" Their captaine long withſtood, and did her death [forſtall.

XXXII.

" But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
" It could not boot; needs mote ſhe die at laſt:
" I onely ſcapt through great confuſione
" Of cryes and clamors, which amongſt them paſt,
" In dreadfull darkneſſe, dreadfully aghaſt,
" That better were with them to have bene dead,
" Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſt,
" Deſpoyled of thoſe ioyes and iollyhead
" Which with thoſe gentle ſhepheards here I wont to
lead."

XXXIII.

When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest, did beat,
And death itselfe unto himselfe did threat,
Oft cursing th'Heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

XXXIV.

But after griefe awhile had had his course,
And spent itselfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die withher,and his live's threed to breake.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to see what should be donne;
But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne;
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes; but Calidore
Had underneath him armed privily:
Tho to the place when they approached nye
They chaunſt, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy,
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope their newes to learne how they mote beſt aſſay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The ſelf-ſame flocks the which thoſe theeves had reft
From Melibee and from themſelves whyleare,
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which for want of heards themſelves then kept;
Right well knew Coridon his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them, for tender pittie wept;
But when he ſaw the theeves which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare diſſwade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom Coridon him counſeld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the ſpoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

XXXIX.

Tho ſitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of ſundrie things he purpoſe gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Paſtorell, were ſhe alive or ſlaine;
Mongſt which the theeves them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were?
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heard-groomes, the which whylere
Had from their maiſters fled, and now ſought hyre
[elſwhere.

XL.

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe,
For they themſelves were evill groomes, they ſayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the land, or ſcoure the deepe:
Thereto they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did ſhortly looke;
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke.

XLI.

Tho whenas towards darkſome night it drew,
Unto their helliſh dens thoſe theeves them brought,
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrayles ſought:
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Paſtorell yet liv'd; but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did reſt,
But chiefly Calidore, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

XLII.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought best,
Having of late, by diligent inquest,
Provided him a sword of meanest sort,
With which he streight went to the captaines nest;
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came they found it fast,
But Calidore, with huge resistlesse might,
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast;
With noyse whereof the theefe awaking, light
Unto the entrance ran, where the bold knight
Encountring him, with small resistence slew;
The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting least of new
Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

XLIV.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
She sudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her spirits thrall;
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each houre into Deathes mouth to fall,
At length espyes at hand the happie cost
On which he safety hopes, that earst feard to be lost.

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had never ioyance felt nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmacke of comfort new to taſt,
Like lyfeful heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had ſought;
Ne leſſe in hart reioyced Calidore,
When he her found; but like to one diſtraught
And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore,
A thouſand times embraſt, and kiſt a thouſand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noyſe of late uprore,
The hue and cry was rayſed all about,
And all the Brigants flocking in great ſtore,
Unto the cave gan preaſſe, nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout;
But Calidore in th'entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertayning them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt that came firſt to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approach,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day,
Which when he ſpyde upon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way,
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th'open light,
Where all the reſt for him did readie ſtay,
And fierce aſſayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay; there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII.

How many flyes in whottest summer's day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do over-lay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troups, and round about him scattreth [wide.

XLIX.

Like as a lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choysest pray,
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way,
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might,
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare,
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight;
So her uneath at last he did revive,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

LI.

This doen, into thoſe theeviſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoyles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But Fortune now the victor's meed did make,
Of which the beſt he did his love betake;
And alſo all thoſe flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon reſtore,
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

# *THE FAERY QUEENE.*

## BOOK VI. CANTO XII.

Fayre Paſtorella by great hap
Her parents underſtands :
Calidore doth the Blatant Beaſt
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ſhip that through the ocean wyde
Directs her courſe unto one certaine coſt,
Is met of many a counter-winde and tyde,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe herſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt,
Yet making many a borde and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt;
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtayd, yet never is aſtray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle knight from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not bene miſ-ſayd,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Even unto the loweſt and the leaſt :
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchievement of the Blatant Beaſt,
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to re-
ſtraine.

III.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Faire Paſtorella from thoſe Brigants powre,
Unto the Caſtle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good Sir Bellamoure,
Who whylome was in his youthes freſheſt flowre
A luſty knight as ever wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure,
In bloudy battell for a ladie deare,
The fayreſt ladie then of all that living were:

IV.

Her name was Claribell, whoſe father hight
The Lord of many Ilands, farre renound
For his great riches and his greater might;
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
But ſhe, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forreign fere:

V.

And Bellamour againe ſo well her pleaſed
With dayly ſervice and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few;
Which when her father underſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dungeon deepe,
Without compaſſion, cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtreightly them aſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI.

Natheleſſe Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
Or ſecret guifts, ſo with his keepers wrought,
That to his love ſometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe unwiſt to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought,
Which ſhe ſtreightway (for dread leaſt if her ſyre
Should know thereof to ſlay her would have ſought)
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred under ſtraunge attyre.

VII.

The truſtie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a ſight;
Whom whyleſt ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle breſt, like chriſtall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a roſe her ſilken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII.

Well ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe,
But cloſing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or Heaven's grace,
Would for the wretched infant's helpe provyde,
For which it loudly cald and pittyfully cryde.

IX.

At length a shepheard, which thereby did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infant's cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound,
And seeing there that did him pittie sore,
He tooke it up, and in his mantle wound,
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamour in bands, till that her syre
Departed life, and left unto them all;
Then all the stormes of Fortune's former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre:
Thenceforth they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine,
For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field; als Claribell
Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
Seeing her weake and wan through durance long:
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Untill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore,
That much he feared least reproachfull blame,
With foule dishonour, him mote blot therefore,
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame
As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

XIII.

Therefore resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell, whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought;
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

XIV.

But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare;
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might
To cherish her with all things choice and rare,
And her own handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her ſnowy breſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely treſſes dewly dreſt,
Chaunſt to eſpy upon her yvory cheſt
The roſie marke, which ſhe remembred well
That litle infant had, which forth ſhe kest,
The daughter of her lady Claribell,
The which ſhe bore the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell;

XVI.

Which well avizing, ſtreight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceiptfull mynd that this faire mayd
Was that ſame infant which ſo long ſith paſt
She in the open fields had looſely layd
To Fortune's ſpoile, unable it to ayd:
So full of ioy ſtreight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Unto her miſtreſſe, being halfe diſmayd,
To tell her how the Heavens had her graſte
To ſave her chylde, which in Misfortune's mouth was [plaſte.

XVII.

The ſober mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that ſodaine thro,
Aſkt her how mote her words be underſtood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her ſo?
"My Liefe," ſaid ſhe, "ye know that long ygo,
"Whileſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
"A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
"The ſame againe if now ye liſt to have,
"The ſame is yonder lady, whom high God did ſave."

XVIII.

Much was the lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtreight how ſhe it knew.
" Moſt certaine markes, " ſayd ſhe, " do me it teach;
" For on her breaſt I with theſe eyes did vew
" The litle purple roſe which thereon grew,
" Whereof her name ye then to her did give:
" Beſides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
" Matched with equall yeares, do ſurely prive
" That yond ſame is your daughter ſure, which yet [doth live.

XIX.

The matrone ſtayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haſt ran to the ſtranger mayd,
Whom catching greedily for great deſire,
Rent up her breſt, and boſome open layd,
In which that roſe ſhe plainely ſaw diſplayd;
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſayd,
" And liveſt thou, my Daughter! now againe?
" And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine?"

XX.

Tho further aſking her of ſundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt, by very certaine ſignes,
And ſpeaking markes of paſſed monuments,
That this young mayd, whom chance to her preſents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare;
Tho wondring long at thoſe ſo ſtraunge events,
A thouſand times ſhe her embraced nere,
With many a ioyfull kiſſe and many a melting teare.

XXI.

Whoever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead ſhe fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that which ſhe hath fylde
In her owne breaſt, this mother's ioy deſcrive;
For other none ſuch paſſion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good lady felt,
When ſhe ſo faire a daughter ſaw ſurvive,
As Paſtorella was, that nigh ſhe ſwelt
For paſſing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell,
Who ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Paſtorell.
There leave we them in ioy, and let us tell
Of Calidore, who ſeeking all this while
That monſtrous Beaſt by finall force to quell,
Through every place, with reſtleſſe paine and toile,
Him follow'd by the tract of his outragious ſpoile.

XXIII.

Through all eſtates he found that he had paſt,
In which he many maſſacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laſt,
In which ſuch ſpoile, ſuch havocke, and ſuch theft,
He wrought, that thence all goodneſſe he bereft,
That endleſſe were to tell. The Elfin knight,
Who now no place beſides unſought had left,
At length into a monaſtere did light, [might.
Where he him found deſpoyling all with maine and

XXIV.

Into their cloyſters now he broken had,
Thro' which the monckes he chaced here and there,
And them perſu'd into their dortours ſad,
And ſearched all their cels and ſecrets neare,
In which what filth and ordure did appeare
Were yrkeſome to report; yet that foule Beaſt
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſſe and teare,
And ranſacke all their dennes from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought religion nor their holy heaſt.

XXV.

From thence into the ſacred church he broke,
And robd the chancell, and the deſkes downe threw,
And altars fouled, and blaſphemy ſpoke,
And the images, for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whileſt none was them to rew,
So all confounded and diſordered there;
But ſeeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him faſt purſuing, ſoone approached neare.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce aſſailing forſt him turne againe;
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him ſtrooke
With his ſharpe ſteele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that ſeemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmoſt brim,
All ſet with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grieſly grim.

XXVII.

And therein were a thouſand tongs empight
Of ſundry kindes and ſundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And ſome of cats, that wrawling ſtill did cry,
And ſome of beares, that groynd continually,
And ſome of tygres, that did ſeeme to gren,
And ſnar at all that ever paſſed by;
But moſt of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which ſpake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

XXVIII.

And them amongſt were mingled here and there
The tongues of ſerpents with three-forked ſtings,
That ſpat out poyſon and gore-bloudy gere,
At all that came within his ravenings,
And ſpake licentious words and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne keiars ſpared he a whit nor kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

XXIX.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with ſo impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he ſtayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And ſpitting forth the poyſon of his ſpight,
That fomed all about his bloody iawes;
Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

XXX.

But he right well aware his rage to ward,
Did caſt his ſhield atweene, and therewithall
Putting his puiſſannce forth, purſu'd ſo hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall,
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His ſhield he on him threw, and faſt downe held;
Like as a Bullocke, that in bloody ſtall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe till he be throughly queld.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beaſt did rage and rore
To be downe held and mayſtred ſo with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere himſelf upright;
For ſtill the more he ſtrove, the more the knight
Did him ſuppreſſe, and forcibly ſubdew,
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight:
He grind, he bit, he ſcratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew:

XXXII.

Or like the hell-borne hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew:
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whileſt Calidore him under him downe threw,
Who nathemore his heavy load releaſt, [creaſt.
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre in-

XXXIII.

Tho when the Beaſt ſaw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharpely at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of ſhamefull infamy,
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he never once did ſpeake nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing ſo unworthily;
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtreightly that he chokt him neare.

XXXIV.

At laſt whenas he found his force to ſhrincke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzle ſtrong,
Of ſureſt yron made with many a lincke,
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein ſhut up his blaſphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth even in his own de-
[ſpight.

XXXV.

Like as whylome that ſtrong Tirynthian ſwaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Againſt his will faſt bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To ſee the hatefull ſunne, that he might tell
To griefly Pluto what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoſts, which dwell
For aye in darkeneſſe, which day light doth ſhonne;
So led this knight his captyve, with like conqueſt
wonne.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Straunge bands, whoſe like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durſt till then impoſe,
And chauffed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore;
Yet durſt he not draw backe, nor once withſtand
The proved powre of noble Calidore,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the [land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereſo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To ſee him leade that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong,
And ſeeing it, much wondred at the ſight;
And all ſuch perſons, as he earſt did wrong,
Reioyced much to ſee his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beaſt, but more admyr'd the [knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this monſter by the mayſtring might
Of doughty Calidore ſuppreſt and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed;
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked Fate ſo framed
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he
To mortall men then he had done before, [wrought
Ne ever could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more;
Albe that long time after Calidore
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine Land,
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state,
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite;
Therefore do you, my Rimes, keep better measure, [sure.
And seeke to please; that now is counted wisemens threa-

# *TWO CANTOS*

# OF MUTABILITIE;

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER,

Appeare to be parcell of ſome following Book of

## *THE FAERY QUEENE,*

UNDER THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE.

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## CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleaſd in mortall things
Beneath the moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of gods as men
To be the ſoveraine.

I.

WHAT man that ſees the ever-whirling wheele
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth ſway,
But that thereby doth find and plainly feele
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruell ſports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearſe that whylome I heard ſay,
How ſhe at firſt herſelfe began to reare [to beare.
Gainſt all the gods, and th'empire ſought from them

II.

But firſt here falleth fitteſt to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it regiſtred of old
In Faery Land, mongſt records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old Titans that did whylome ſtrive
With Saturnes ſonne for heav'n's regiment,
Whom though high Iove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their ſtemme long after did ſurvive:

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Iove, and high authority;
As Hecate, in whoſe almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her diſpoſed diverſly
To gods and men as ſhe them liſt divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth ſound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

IV.

So likewiſe did this Titaneſſe aſpire,
Rule and dominion to herſelfe to gaine,
That as a goddeſſe men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine;
And firſt on earth ſhe ſought it to obtaine,
Where ſhe ſuch proofe and ſad examples ſhewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom ſhe ſoone ſubdewed)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

V.

For ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all which Nature had eſtabliſht firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt;
And all the world's faire frame (which none yet durſt
Of gods or men to alter or miſguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurſt
That God had bleſt, and did at firſt provide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne ſhee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of iuſtice and of policie,
And wrong of right, and bad of good, did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhlie;
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worſe.
O pittious worke of Mutabilitie!
By which we all are ſubiect to that curſe,
And death inſtead of life have ſucked from our nurſe.

VII.

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt, and thralled to her might,
She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought
T'attempt th'empire of the heaven's hight,
And Iove himſelfe to ſhoulder from his right;
And firſt ſhe paſt the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contraire,
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepaire:

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the moone ſhe clambe,
Where Cynthia raignes in everlaſting glory,
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairely deckt with heaven's goodly ſtory;
Whoſe ſilver gates (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged ſire with hower-glaſſe in hand,
Hight Tyme) ſhe entred, were he lieſe or ſory,
Ne ſtaide till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,
Where Cynthia did ſit, that never ſtill did ſtand.

IX.

Her ſitting on an ivory throne ſhee found,
Drawne of two ſteeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thouſand ſtarres around,
That duly her attended day and night,
And by her ſide there ran her page, that hight
Veſper, whom we the evening-ſtarre intend,
That with his torche ſtill twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend,
And ioy to weary wandring travailers did lend.

X.

Tho when the hardy Titaneſſe beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heaven's ſubſtance, and up-held
With thouſand cryſtall pillors of huge hight,
Shee gan to burne in her ambitious ſpright,
And t'envie her that in ſuch glorie raigned;
Eftſoones ſhe caſt by force and tortious might
Her to diſplace, and to herſelfe t' have gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

XI.

Boldly ſhe bid the goddeſſe downe deſcend,
And let herſelfe into that ivory throne,
For ſhe herſelfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men, whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or unto gods, whoſe ſtate ſhe did maligne,
Or to th' infernall powers her need give lone
Of her faire light, and bounty moſt benigne,
Herſelfe of all that rule ſhee deemed moſt condigne.

XII.

But ſhee that had to her that ſoveraigne ſeat
By higheſt Iove aſſign'd, therein to beare
Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare,
But with ſterne countenaunce and diſdainfull cheare
Bending her horned browes, did put her back,
And boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from heaven's coaſt to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunder's wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the giantеſſe forbare,
But boldly preacing on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to ſtrike her if ſhe did with-ſtand;
Whereat the ſtarres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the moones bright wagon ſtill did ſtand,
All beeing with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and ſterne looke ſtill gazed.

XIV.

Meane while the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite,
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight,
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefely Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste, unto the king of gods to plaine.

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To Jove's faire palace fixt in heaven's hight,
And beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lack of light,
The father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

XVI.

Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the circle of the moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why shee did her wonted course forslowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his presence prest.

XVII.

The wingd-foot god ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoone he came whereas the Titaneſſe
Was ſtriving with faire Cynthia for her ſeat,
At whoſe ſtrange ſight and haughty hardineſſe
He wondred much, and feared her no leſſe;
Yet laying feare aſide to doe his charge,
At laſt he bade her with bold ſtedfaſtneſſe
Ceaſſe to moleſt the moone to walk at large,
Or come before high Iove her dooings to diſcharge.

XVIII.

And therewithall he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed mace, whoſe awfull power
Doth make both gods and helliſh fiends affraid;
Whereat the Titaneſſe did ſternely lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Iove ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's ſilver bower,
Sith ſhe his Iove and him eſteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's ſelfe, but all their kingdoms [ſought.

XIX.

The heaven's herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord, who now in th'higheſt ſky
Was placed in his principall eſtate,
With all the gods about him congregate;
To whom when Hermes had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Iove, who changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe unfold;

XX.

" Harken to mee awhile, ye heavenly Powers;
" Ye may remember ſince th' Earth's curſed ſeed
" Sought to aſſaile the heavens eternall towers,
" And to us all exceeding feare did breed;
" But how we then defeated all their deed
" Yee all doe knowe, and them deſtroied quite;
" Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
" An off-ſpring of their bloud, which did alite
" Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet deſpite.

XXI.

" Of that bad ſeed is this bold woman bred,
" That now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
" To thruſt faire Phœbe from her ſilver bed,
" And eke ourſelves from heaven's high empire,
" If that her might were match to her deſire;
" Wherefore it now behoves us to adviſe
" What way is beſt to drive her to retire,
" Whether by open force, or counſell wiſe,
" Areed, ye Sonnes of God! as beſt ye can deviſe."

XXII.

So having ſaid, he ceaſt, and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the higheſt powers of heaven to check)
Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake;
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell grave and wiſe:
Meane while th' Earth's daughter, though ſhe nought
Of Hermes' meſſage, yet gan now adviſe [did reck
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold empriſe.

XXIII.

Eftſoones ſhe thus reſolv'd, that whil'ſt the gods
(After returne of Hermes' embaſſie)
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelves at ods,
Before they could new counſels reallie,
To ſet upon them in that extaſie,
And take what fortune, time, and place, would lend:
So forth she roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To Iove's high palace ſtreight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot: good onſet boads good end.

XXIV.

She there arriving, boldly in did paſs,
Where all the gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was:
At ſight of her they ſudden all aroſe
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe;
But Iove, all fearleſſe, forc't them to aby,
And in his ſoveraine throne gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelfe more full of grace and maieſtie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

XXV.

That when the haughty Titaneſſe beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld,
And inly quaking, ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe
And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience,
Untill that Iove himſelfe herſelfe beſpake;
"Speake, thou fraile Woman, ſpeake with confidence,
"Whence art thou? and what doeſt thou here now make?
"What idle errand haſt thou earth's manſion to forſake?"

XXVI.

Shee halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund;
"I am a daughter, by the mother's side,
"Of her that is grand-mother magnifide
"Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos' child;
"But by the father's, be it not envide,
"I greater am in bloud, whereon I build,
"Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven [exil'd.

XXVII.

"For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
"Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
"Both sonnes of Uranus, but by uniust
"And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,
"The younger thrust the elder from his right;
"Since which thou, Iove, iniuriously hast held
"The heavens rule from Titan's sonnes by might,
"And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld;
"Witnesse, ye Heavens! the truth of all that I have [teld."

XXVIII.

Whil'st she thus spake, the gods, that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the goddesses in place,
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres;
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

XXIX.

Till having pauz'd awhile, Iove thus bespake;
"Will never mortall thoughts ceasse to aspire
"In this bold sort, to heaven claime to make,
"And touch celestiall seates with earthly mire?
"I would have thought that bold Procustes' hire,
"Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's paine,
"Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
"Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
"And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

XXX.

"But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
"Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
"And chalenge th' heritage of this our skie,
"Whom what should hinder but that we likewise
"Should handle as the rest of her allies,
"And thunder-drive to hell?" with that he shooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

XXXI.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in heaven beare)
He staide his hand, and having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began;
"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,
"Then shortly should the progeny of man
"Be rooted out, if Iove should doe still what he can:

XXXII.

" But thee, faire Titan's Child! I rather weene
" Through ſome vaine errour or inducement light
" To ſee that mortal eyes have never ſeene,
" Or through enſample of thy ſiſter's might,
" Bellona, whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſpight,
" Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power belowe
" Mongſt wretched men, diſmaide with her affright,
" To bandie crownes, and kingdoms to beſtowe,
" And ſure thy worth no leſſe then her's doth ſeem [to ſhowe.

XXXIII.

" But wote thou this, thou hardy Titaneſſe,
" That not the worth of any living wight
" May challenge ought in heaven's intereſſe,
" Much leſſe the title of old Titan's right;
" For we, by conqueſt of our ſoveraine might,
" And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
" Have wonne the empire of the heavens bright,
" Which to ourſelves we hold, and to whom wee
" Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

XXXIV.

" Then ceaſſe thy idle claime, thou fooliſh Gerle!
" And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
" That place from which by folly Titan fell;
" Thereto thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine,
" Have love thy gracious lord and ſoveraigne."
So having ſaid, ſhe thus to him replyde;
" Ceaſſe, Saturnes Sonne! to ſeeke by proffers vaine
" Of idle hopes t'allure mee to thy ſide
" For to betray my right before I have it tride.

XXXV.

"But thee, O Iove! no equall iudge I deeme
"Of my deſert, or of my dewfull right,
"That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme,
"But to the higheſt Him, that is behight
"Father of gods and mēn by equall might,
"To weet the God of Nature, I appeale."
Thereat Iove wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
And bade Dan Phœbus ſcribe her appellation ſeale.

XXXVI.

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly wights,
Before great Nature's preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their titles and beſt rights;
That was, to weet, upon the higheſt hights
Of Arlo-hill (who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
That is the higheſt head in all mens ſights
Of my old Father Mole, whom ſhepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall ſkill.

XXXVII.

And were it not ill fitting for this file
To ſing of hilles and woods mongſt warres and knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights,
And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes ſpights,
(Beeing of old the beſt and faireſt hill
That was in all this holy-iſland's hights)
Was made the moſt unpleaſant and moſt ill:
Meanewhile, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland floriſhed in fame
Of wealth and goodneſſe far above the reſt
Of all that beare the Britiſh Iſland's name,
The gods then us'd, for pleaſure and for reſt,
Oft to reſort thereto when ſeem'd them beſt;
But none of all therein more pleaſure found
Then Cynthia, that is ſoveraine queene profeſt
Of woods and forreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholſom waters more then moſt on ground:

XXXIX.

But mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game
Either for chace of beaſts with hound or bowe,
Or for to ſhroude in ſhade from Phœbus' flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that doe freſhly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She choſe this Arlo, where ſhee did reſort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft conſort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and ſport.

XL.

Amongſt the which there was a nymph that hight
Molanna, daughter of old Father Mole,
And ſiſter unto Mulla, faire and bright,
Unto whoſe bed falſe Bregog whylome ſtole,
That ſhepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her luckleſſe loves well knowne to us;
But this Molanna, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,
Were no leſſe faire and beautifull then ſhee,
Yet as ſhe is a fairer flood may no man ſee.

O ſi

XLI.

For firſt ſhe ſprings out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond ſeemes to deck the locks
Of ſome faire bride, brought forth with pompous ſhowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers ſtrowes;
So through the flowry dales ſhe tumbling downe,
Through many woods and ſhady coverts flowes,
That on each ſide her ſilver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine ſhe come, whoſe valleyes ſhee doth [drowne.

XLII.

In her ſweet ſtreames Diana uſed oft,
After her ſweatie chace and toileſome play,
To bathe herſelfe, and after, on the ſoft
And downy graſſe her dainty limbes to lay
In covert ſhade, where none behold her may,
For much ſhe hated ſight of living eye;
Fooliſh god Faunus, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her nymphes in privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compaſſe his deſire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to diſcover for ſome ſecret hire,
So her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid,
And after, pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid
To tell what time he might her lady ſee,
When ſhe herſelfe did bathe, that he might ſecret bee.

XLIV.

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better,
To weet, that whenas shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well;
Besides all which he vow'd to be her debter,
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

XLV.

The simple maid did yield to him anone,
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who for his hire to so foole-hardy dew
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's hew:
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana with her nymphes about her drew
To this sweet spring, where doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for love a likely pray.

XLVI.

There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest,
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought: a foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thyselfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed:
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII.

The goddeſſe, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſte forth ſtarted from the guilty brooke,
And running ſtraight whereas ſhe heard his voice,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him tooke,
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
On her whoſe ſight before ſo much he ſought:
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and ſhooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought,
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding whereas ſome wicked beaſt unware,
That breakes into her dayr'houſe, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and fruſtrate all her paine,
Hath in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what puniſhment were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deathes deviſeth in her vengefull mind.

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maydens all
Uſe ſilly Faunus, now within their baile;
They mocke and ſcorne him, and him foule miſcall;
Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the taile,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him haile:
Yet he (poore ſoule!) with patience all did beare,
For nought againſt their wils might countervaile;
Ne ought he ſaid whatever he did heare,
But hanging downe his head did like a mome appeare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penaunce him to give:
Some would have gelt him, but that ſame would ſpill
The wood-gods breed, which muſt for ever live;
Others would through the river him have drive,
And ducked deepe, but that ſeem'd penaunce light;
But moſt agreed and did this ſentence give;
Him in deares ſkin to clad, and in that plight
To hunt him with their hounds, himſelfe ſave how hee [might.

LI.

But Cynthia's ſelfe, more angry then the reſt,
Thought not enough to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſome ieſt,
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
He, much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort
That 'twas Molanna which her ſo bewraid;
Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deeres-ſkin they covered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds, that after him did ſpeed;
But he more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any deere; ſo ſore him dread aghaſt:
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braſt,
That all the woods and dales where he did flie
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the ſkie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were,
When back returning to Molann' againe,
They by commaund'ment of Diana there
Her whelm'd with ſtones; yet Faunus, for her paine,
Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed;
So now her waves paſſe through a pleaſant plaine,
Till with the Fanchin ſhe herſelfe doe wed,
And, both combin'd, themſelves in one faire river ſpred.

LIV.

Nath'leſſe Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandond her delicious brooke,
In whoſe ſweet ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe tooke;
Ne onely her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about Arlo hid,
And all that mountaine which doth over-looke
The richeſt champian that may elſe be rid,
And the faire Shure, in which are thouſand ſalmons [bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,
Thenceforth ſhe left, and parting from the place,
Thereon an heavy hapleſſe curſe did lay,
To weet, that wolves, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Shou'd harbour'd be, and all thoſe woods deface,
And thieves ſhould rob and ſpoile that coaſt around:
Since which, thoſe woods, and all that goodly chaſe
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound,
Which too too true that land's in-dwellers ſince have found.

# *THE FAERY QUEENE.*

## CANTO VII.

Pealing from Iove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleades
Large evidence; but Nature soone
Her righteous doome areads.

I.

Ah! whither dooſt thou now, thou greater Muſe,
Me from theſe woods and pleaſing forreſts bring,
And my fraile ſpirit, that dooth oft refuſe
This too high flight unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heaven's king
(Thy ſoveraine ſire) his fortunate ſucceſſe,
And victory in bigger noates to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that Titaneſſe,
That him of heaven's empire ſought to diſpoſſeſſe?

II.

Yet ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Doe thou my weaker wit with ſkill inſpire
Fit for this turne, and in my feeble breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heavenly things; for who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly ſire,
Can tell things doen in heaven ſo long ygone,
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne?

III.

Now at the time that was before agreed,
The gods aſſembled all on Arlo hill,
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heavenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both ſea and land unto their will;
Onely th' infernall powers might not appeare,
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare,
Yet Pluto and Proſerpina were preſent there.

IV.

And thither alſo came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their ſundry kinds of features,
That Arlo ſcarſly could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and plaine;
And had not Nature's ſergeant (that is Order)
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

V.

Then forth iſſewed (great goddeſſe) great Dame Nature,
With goodly port and gracious maieſty,
Being far greater and more tall of ſtature
Then any of the gods or powers on hie;
Yet certes by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry,
For with a veile that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

VI.

That fome doe fay was fo by fkill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that fhould be fore agrized,
For that her face did like a lion fhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view;
But others tell that it fo beautious was,
And round about fuch beames of fplendor threw,
That it the funne a thoufand times did pafs,
Ne could be feene, but like an image in a glafs.

VII.

That well may feemen true; for well I weene
That this fame day when fhe on Arlo fat,
Her garment was fo bright and wondrous fheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compaire, nor finde like ftuffe to that;
As thofe three facred faints, though elfe moft wife,
Yet on Mount Thabor quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in ftrange difguife
Transfigur'd fawe, his garments fo did daze their eyes.

VIII.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill
She placed was in a pavilion,
Not fuch as craftefmen by their idle fkill
Are wont for princes ftates to fafhion,
But th' Earth herfelf of her owne motion
Out of her fruitfull bofome made to growe
Moft dainty trees, that fhooting up anon
Did feeme to bow their bloofming heads full lowe,
For homage unto her, and like a throne did fhew.

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight
All her array and veſtiments to tell,
That old Dan Geffrey (in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well-head of poeſie did dwell)
In his Foules Parley durſt not with it mell,
But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
Had in his Plaint of Kindes deſcrib'd it well;
Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that Alane where he may be ſought.

X.

And all the Earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and ſent forth odours ſweet;
Tenne thouſand mores of ſundry ſent and hew,
That might delight the ſmell, or pleaſe the view,
The which the nymphes from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-ſtoole threw,
That richer ſeem'd then any tapeſtry
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI.

And Mole himſelfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himſelf in freſheſt faire attire,
And his high head, that ſeemeth alwaies hore
With hardned froſts of former winters ire,
He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of ſome new nymph late ſeene
Had in him kindled youthfull freſh deſire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene;
Ah, gentle Mole! ſuch ioyance hath thee well beſeene.

XII.

Was never ſo great ioyance ſince the day
That all the gods whylome aſſembled were
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the ſolemne bridall cheare
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there,
Where Phœbus' ſelf, that God of Poets hight,
They ſay did ſing the ſpouſall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were raviſht with delight
Of his celeſtiall ſong, and muſick's wondrous might.

XIII.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld,
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her ſted,
Unſeene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne as I have teld,
Before her came Dame Mutabilitie,
And being lowe before her preſence feld,
With meek obayſance and humilitie
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie.

XIV.

"To thee, O greateſt Goddeſſe! onely great,
"An humble ſuppliant, loe, I lowely fly,
"Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat,
"Who right to all doſt deale indifferently,
"Damning all wrong and tortious iniurie
"Which any of thy creatures doe to other,
"Oppreſſing them with power unequally,
"Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
"And knitteſt each to each, as brother unto brother:

XV.

" To thee, therefore, of this same Iove I plaine,
" And of his fellow-gods that faine to be,
" That challenge to themselves the whole world's raign,
" Of which the greatest part is due to me,
" And heaven itselfe by heritage in fee;
" For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
" Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
" And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme;
" For even the gods to thee as men to gods do seeme.

XVI.

" Then weigh, O soveraigne Goddesse! by what right
" These gods do claime the world's whole soverainty,
" And that is onely dew unto thy might
" Arrogate to themselves ambitiously.
" As for the gods owne principality,
" Which Iove usurpes uniustly, that to be
" My heritage, Iove's self cannot deny,
" From my great grandsire Titan unto mee
" Deriv'd by dew descent, as is well known to thee.

XVII.

" Yet mauger Iove, and all his gods beside,
" I doe possesse the world's most regiment,
" As if ye please it into parts divide,
" And every part's inholders to convent,
" Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent:
" And first the Earth (great mother of us all)
" That only seems unmov'd and permanent,
" And unto Mutability not thrall,
" Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

XVIII.

" For all that from her ſprings and is ybredde,
" However fayre it flouriſh for a time,
" Yet ſee we ſoone decay, and being dead
" To turne again unto their earthly ſlime;
" Yet out of their decay and mortall crime
" We daily ſee new creatures to arize,
" And of their winter ſpring another prime,
" Unlike in forme, and chang'd by ſtrange diſguize;
" So turne they ſtill about, and change in reſtleſſe wiſe.

XIX.

" As for her tenants, that is, man and beaſts,
" The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy,
" As thralls and vaſſals unto mens beheaſts,
" And men themſelves doe change continually
" From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
" From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all;
" Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
" But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
" Still change and vary thoughts as new occaſions fall.

XX.

" Ne is the water in more conſtant caſe,
" Whether thoſe ſame on high or theſe belowe,
" For th' ocean moveth ſtill from place to place,
" And every river ſtill doth ebbe and flowe;
" Ne any lake, that ſeems moſt ſtill and ſlowe,
" Ne poole ſo ſmall, that can his ſmoothneſſe holde,
" When any winde doth under heaven blowe,
" With which the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd,
" Now like great hills, and ſtreight like ſluces, them unfold.

XXI.

" So likewiſe are all watry living wights
" Still toſt and turned with continuall change,
" Never abyding in their ſtedfaſt plights;
" The fiſh, ſtill floting, doe at randon range,
" And never reſt, but evermore exchange
" Their dwelling places as the ſtreames them carrie;
" Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
" Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead do tarry,
" But flitting ſtill doe flie, and ſtill their places vary.

XXII.

" Next is the ayre, which who feeles not by ſenſe
" (For of all ſenſe it is the middle meane)
" To flit ſtill, and with ſubtill influence
" Of his thin ſpirit all creatures to maintaine
" In ſtate of life? O weake life! that does leane
" On thing ſo tickle as th'unſteady ayre,
" Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
" With every blaſt that bloweth fowle or faire:
" The faire doth it prolong, the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII.

" Therein the changes infinite beholde,
" Which to her creatures every minute chaunce,
" Now boyling hot, ſtreight friezing deadly cold;
" Now faire ſun-ſhine, that makes all ſkip and daunce,
" Streight bitter ſtorms and balefull countenance,
" That makes them all to ſhiver and to ſhake:
" Rayne, hayle, and ſnowe, do pay them ſad penance,
" And dreadfull thunderclaps (that make them quake)
" With flames and flaſhing lights that thouſand chan-
ges make.

XXIV.

" Laſt is the fire, which though it live for ever,
" Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
" We ſee his parts, ſo ſoone as they do ſever,
" To loſe their heat, and ſhortly to decay,
" So makes himſelf his owne conſuming pray;
" Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
" But all that are of others bredd doth ſlay,
" And with their death his cruell life dooth feed,
" Nought leaving but their barren aſhes without ſeede.

XXV.

" Thus all theſe four (the which the ground-work bee
" Of all the world and of all living wights)
" To thouſand ſorts of change we ſubject ſee,
" Yet are they chang'd by other wondrous flights
" Into themſelves, and loſe their native mights;
" The fire to aire, and th' ayre to water ſheere,
" And water into earth; yet water fights
" With fire, and aire with earth approaching neere;
" Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI.

" So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
" However theſe, that gods themſelves do call,
" Of them doe claime the rule and ſoverainty;
" As Veſta of the fire æthereall,
" Vulcan of this with us ſo uſuall,
" Ops of the earth, and Iuno of the ayre,
" Neptune of ſeas, and Nymphes of rivers all;
" For all thoſe rivers to me ſubiect are,
" And all the reſt which they uſurp be all my ſhare.

XXVII.

" Which to approven true, as I have told,
" Vouchſafe, O Goddeſſe! to thy preſence call
" The reſt which doe the world in being hold,
" As Times and Seaſons of the year that fall;
" Of all the which demand in generall,
" Or iudge thyſelfe by verdit of thine eye,
" Whether to me they are not ſubiect all."
Nature did yeeld thereto, and by and by
Bade Order call them all before her Maieſty.

XXVIII.

So forth iſſew'd the Seaſons of the yeare;
Firſt luſty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freſhly budded, and new bloosmes did beare,
In which a thouſand birds had built their bowres,
That ſweetly ſung, to call forth paramoures;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike ſtoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare,
That as ſome did him love, ſo others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin ſilken caſſock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light,
And on his head a girlond well beſeene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The ſweat did drop, and in his hand he bore
A boawe and ſhaftes, as he in forreſt greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated [ſore.

XXX.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious ſtore,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had baniſht Hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched ſore;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every ſort, he bore,
And in his hand a ſickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had [yold.

XXXI.

Laſtly came Winter, cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'ſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown diſtill;
In his right hand a tipped ſtaffe he held,
With which his feeble ſteps he ſtayed ſtill,
For he was faint with cold and weak with eld,
That ſcarſe his looſed limbes he hable was to weld.

XXXII.

Theſe, marching ſoftly, thus in order went,
And after them the Monthes all riding came;
Firſt ſturdy March, with brows full ſternly bent,
And armed ſtrongly, rode upon a Ram,
The ſame which over Helleſpontus ſwam;
Yet in his hand a ſpade he alſo hent,
And in a bag all ſorts of ſeeds yſame,
Which on the earth he ſtrowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nouriſhment.

XXXIII.

Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds;
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds;
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowrēs and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he seem'd in [sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's [delight.

XXXIV.

Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around;
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The Twinnes of Leda, which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraine queene:
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide,
And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

XXXV.

And after her came iolly Iune, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were,
Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare;
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare,
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

XXXVI.

Then came hot Iuly, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had caſt away;
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay;
It was the beaſt that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forreſt, till th'Amphytrionide
Him ſlew, and with his hide did him array;
Behinde his backe a ſithe, and by his ſide,
Under his belt, he bore a ſickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The ſixt was Auguſt, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound,
But after wrong was lov'd, and iuſtice ſolde,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven ex-
[told.

XXXVIII.

Next him September marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the ſpoyle
Of harveſt's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the ſoyle;
In his one hand, as fit for harveſt's toyle,
He held a knife-hook, and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did aſſoyle
Both more and leſſe, where it in doubt did ſtand,
And equall gave to each, as iuſtice duly ſcann'd.

XXXIX.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fat's see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust;
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom uniust
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.

XL.

Next was November; he full grosse and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme,
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem;
In planting eeke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme,
For it a dreadful Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.

XLI.

And after him came next the chill December,
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember,
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad;
Upon a shaggy, bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Iove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Iæan mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

XLII.

Then came old Ianuary, wrapped well
In many weeds, to keep the cold away,
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may,
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray;
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane flood.

XLIII.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old Wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slyde
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting prime did make them burgein round;
So past The Twelve Months forth, and their dew places found.

XLIV.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equall pace;
Th' one on a palfrey blacke, the other white;
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,
And sleep and darknesse round about did trace;
But Day did beare upon his scepter's hight
The goodly sun, encompast all with beames bright.

XLV.

Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Iove
And timely Night, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed,
That might forslack the charge to them fore-shewed
By mighty Iove, who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate, (whence all the gods issued)
Which they did dayly watch and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene;
But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively ioy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse;
"Lo, mighty Mother! now be iudge, and say
"Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
"Change doth not raign, and beare the greatest sway,
"For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
"But times do change and move continually,
"So nothing here long standeth in one stay;
"Wherefore this lower world who can deny
"But to be subiect still to Mutabilitie?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Iove; " Right true it is that thefe,
" And all things elfe that under heaven dwell,
" Are chaung'd of Time, who doth them all diffeife
" Of being; but who is it (to me tell)
" That Time himfelfe doth move and ftill compell
" To keepe his courfe? is not that namely wee,
" Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
" That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
" So them we gods do rule, and in them alfo thee."

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability; " The things
" Which we fee not how they are mov'd and fwayd,
" Ye may attribute to yourfelves as kings,
" And fay they by your fecret power are made,
" But what we fee not, who fhall us perfwade?
" But were they fo, as ye them faine to be,
" Mov'd by your might, and ordered by your ayde,
" Yet what if I can prove that even yee
" Yourfelves are likewife changed, and fubiect unto me?

L.

" And firft, concerning her that is the firft,
" Even you, faire Cynthia! whom fo much ye make
" Iove's deareft darling, fhe was bred and nurft
" On Cynthus hill, whence fhe her name did take;
" Then is fhe mortall borne, howfo ye crake;
" Befides, her face and countenance every day
" We changed fee, and fundry forms partake;
" Now hornd, now round, now bright, now brown and gray;
" So that as changefull as the moone men ufe to fay.

LI.

"Next Mercury, who though he lesse appeare
"To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
"Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
"And is of late far out of order gone;
"So Venus eeke, that goodly paragone,
"Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day;
"And Phœbus' selfe, who lightsome is alone,
"Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
"And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

LII.

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most,
"For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
"That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
"And cleane without his usuall sphere to fare,
"That even these star-gazers stonisht are
"At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes;
"So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
"His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes;
"So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.

LIII.

"But you, Dan Iove, that only constant are,
"And king of all the rest, as ye do clame,
"Are you not subject eeke to this misfare?
"Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
"Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by name,
"Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
"But wheresoever they comment the same,
"They all consent that ye begotten were,
"And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

LIV.

" Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
" Unleſſe the kingdome of the ſky yee make
" Immortall and unchangeable to be;
" Beſides, that power and vertue which ye ſpake,
" That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
" And your own natures change; for each of you
" That vertue have or this or that to make,
" Is checkt and changed from his nature trew
" By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

LV.

" Beſides the ſundry motions of your ſpheares,
" So ſundry waies and faſhions as clerkes faine,
" Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares,
" What is the ſame but alteration plaine?
" Onely the ſtarrie ſkie doth ſtill remaine;
" Yet do the ſtarres and ſignes therein ſtill move,
" And even itſelf is mov'd, as wizards ſaine;
" But all that moveth doth mutation love,
" Therefore both you and them to me I ſubiect prove.

LVI.

" Then ſince within this wide great univerſe
" Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
" But all things toſt and turned by tranſverſe,
" What then ſhould let but I aloft ſhould reare
" My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
" Now iudge then, O thou greateſt Goddeſſe trew!
" According as thyſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,
" And unto me addoom that is my dew,
" That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you."

LVII.

So having ended, ſilence long enſewed,
Ne Nature to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground ſtill viewed;
Meane while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this ſo doubtfull caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoveraigne place;
At length ſhe looking up with chearefull view
The ſilence brake, and gave her doome in ſpeeches [few.

LVIII.

"I well conſider all that ye have ſayd,
"And find that all things ſtedfaſtnes doe hate,
"And changed be; yet being rightly wayd,
"They are not changed from their firſt eſtate,
"But by their change their being doe dilate,
"And turning to themſelves, at length againe
"Doe worke their owne perfection ſo by fate;
"Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne,
"But they raigne over Change, and doe their ſtates [maintaine.

LIX.

"Ceaſe, therefore, Daughter, further to aſpire,
"And thee content thus to be rul'd by me;
"For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire,
"But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,
"And from thenceforth none no more change ſhall [ſee."
So was the Titaneſs put downe and whiſt,
And Iove confirm'd in his imperiall ſee;
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And Nature's ſelfe did vaniſh, whither no man wiſt.

# THE FAERY QUEENE.

## CANTO VIII. *Unperfite.*

I.

WHEN I bethinke me on that ſpeech whyleare
Of Mutability, and well it way,
Me ſeems that though ſhe all unworthy were
Of the heav'ns rule, yet very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe bears the greateſt ſway,
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And love of things ſo vaine to caſt away,
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short Time ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming
[ſickle.

II.

Then gin I thinke on that which Nature ſayd,
Of that ſame time when no more change ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things, firmely ſtayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in change delight;
But thenceforth all ſhall reſt eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight;
O that great Sabaoth's God, grant me that Sabbath's
ſight!

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## *ADVERTISEMENT.*

*IN an advertisement prefixed to the first volume of this edition, p. 88. the reader was informed that the text of the Faery Queen was printed from Mr. Upton's Quarto edition, as the most genuine text of that poem. It becomes necessary to intimate in this place, that the following Poems in this volume, as well as the whole of those in the seventh and eighth volumes, are printed from the text of Mr. Hughes, the edition by Mr. Upton containing the Faery Queen alone of all Spenser's writings. —According to our usual method, the verses are numbered throughout every poem, which was not thought necessary in regard to The Faery Queen, that poem being wrote in stanzas of nine lines each.*

*Feb.* 1778.

# COLIN CLOUT'S

## COME HOME AGAIN.

To the right worthy and noble Knt.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

*Captain of her Majeſty's Guard, Lord Warden of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the County of Cornwall.*

SIR,

THAT *you may ſee that I am not always idle, as ye think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutiful, though not preciſely officious, I make you preſent of this ſimple Paſtoral, unworthy of your higher conceipt for the meanneſs of the ſtile, but agreeing with the truth in circumſtance and matter; the which I humbly beſeech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge myſelf bounden unto you, (for your ſingular favours and ſundry good-turns ſhewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenance protect againſt the malice of evil mouths, which are always wide open to carp at and miſconſtrue my ſimple meaning. I pray continually for your happineſs.*

From my houſe at Kilcolman,
December the 27th, 1591.

*Yours ever humbly,*

EDMUND SPENSER.

---

THE ſhepherd's boy (beſt knowen by that name)
That after Tityrus firſt ſung his lay,
Lays of ſweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his cuſtom was) upon a day

Charming his oaten pipe unto his peers;
The ſhepherd ſwains, that did about him play,
Who all the while with greedy liſtful ears,
Did ſtand aſtoniſh'd at his curious ſkill,
Like heartleſs deer, diſmay'd with thunder's ſound;
At laſt, whenas he piped had his fill,
He reſted him, and ſitting then around,
One of thoſe grooms (a jolly groom was he,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this ſhepherd deareſt in degree,
Hight Hobbinol) 'gan thus to him areed:
  Colin, my Life! my Life! how great a loſs
Had all the ſhepherds' nation by thy lack?
And I, poor ſwain! of many greateſt croſs,
That ſith thy Muſe firſt ſince thy turning back
Was heard to ſound, as ſhe was wont, on high,
Haſt made us all ſo bleſſed and ſo blythe.
Whilſt thou waſt hence, all dead in dole did lie,
The woods were heard to wail full many a ſythe,
And all their birds with ſilence to complain;
The fields with faded flowers did ſeem to mourn,
And all their flocks from feeding to refrain;
The running waters wept for thy return,
And all their fiſh with languor did lament;
But now both woods, and fields, and floods, revive,
Sith thou art come, their cauſe of merriment,
That us late dead haſt made again alive.

But were it not too painful to repeat
The paſſed fortunes which to thee befel
In thy late voyage, we would thee intreat,
Now at thy leiſure, them to us to tell.
To whom the ſhepherd gently anſwer'd thus;
" Hobbin, thou tempteſt me to that I covet,
For of good paſſed newly to diſcuſs,
By double uſury doth twiſe renew it:
And ſince I ſaw that angel's bleſſed eye,
Her world's bright ſun, her heaven's faireſt light,
My mind, full of my thought's ſatiety,
Doth feed on ſweet contentment of that ſight:
Since that ſame day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleaſure,
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My life's ſole bliſs, my heart's eternal treaſure.
Wake, then, my Pipe! my ſleepy Muſe! awake,
Till I have told her praiſes laſting long;
Hobbin deſires thou mayſt it not forſake;
Hark, then, ye jolly Shepherds! to my ſong."
With that they all 'gan throng about him near,
With hungry ears to hear his harmony,
The whiles their flocks, devoid of danger's fear,
Did round about them feed at liberty.
" One day (quoth he) I ſate (as was my trade)
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
Keeping my ſheep amongſt the cooly ſhade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's ſhore;

There a ſtrange ſhepherd chaunc'd to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whoſe pleaſing ſound yſhrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
Whom when I aſked from what place he came,
And how he hight? himſelf he did ycleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And ſaid he came far from the main-ſea deep.
He ſitting me beſide in that ſame ſhade,
Provoked me to play ſome pleaſant fit;
And when he heard the muſick which I made,
He found himſelf full greatly pleas'd at it;
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he took in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon, (for well that ſkill he cond)
Himſelf as ſkilful in that art as any.
He pip'd, I ſung; and when he ſung I piped,
By change of turns each making other merry,
Neither envying other, nor envied;
So piped we until we both were weary."
 There interrupting him, a bonny ſwain,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atween beſpake;
"And ſhould it not thy ready courſe reſtrain,
I would requeſt thee, Colin, for my ſake,
To tell what thou didſt ſing when he did play;
For well I ween it worth recounting was,
Whether it were ſome hymn or moral lay,
Or carol made to praiſe thy loved laſs."

" Nor of my love, nor of my lofs, quoth he,
I then did fing, as then occafion fell;
For love had me forlorn, forlorn of me,
That made me in that defart choofe to dwell;
But of my river Bregog's love I fong,
Which to the fhiny Mulla he did bear,
And yet doth bear, and ever will, fo long
As water doth within his banks appear."
" Of fellowfhip, faid then that bonny boy,
Record to us that lovely lay again,
The ftay whereof fhall nought thefe ears annoy,
Who all that Colin makes do covet fain."
" Hear then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In fort as I it to that fhepherd told;
No leafing new, nor grandame's fable ftale,
But antient truth, confirm'd with credence old.
Old Father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
That walls the north-fide of Armulla dale)
He had a daughter frefh as flower of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleafant vale;
Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, fo hight
The nymph, which of that water-courfe has charge,
That fpringing out of Mole doth run down right
To Buttevant, where, fpreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that antient city
Which Kilnemullah cleeped is of old,
Whofe cragged ruines breed great ruth and pity
To travellers which it from far behold.

Full fain ſhe lov'd, and was belov'd full fain
Of her own brother river, Bregog hight,
So hight becauſe of this deceitful train
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight;
But her old ſire, more careful of her good,
And meaning her much better to prefer,
Did think to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which Alla hight, Broad-water called far,
And wrought ſo well with his continual pain,
That he that river for his daughter won;
The dowre agreed, the day aſſigned plain,
The place appointed where it ſhould be done.
Nath'leſs the nymph her former liking held,
For Love will not be drawn, but muſt be led,
And Bregog did ſo well her fancy weld,
That her good-will he got her firſt to wed;
But for her father, ſitting ſtill on high,
Did warily ſtill watch which way ſhe went,
And eke from far obſerv'd with jealous eye
Which way his courſe the wanton Bregog bent,
Him to deceive for all his watchful ward,
The wily lover did deviſe this ſlight;
Firſt into many parts his ſtream he ſhar'd,
That whilſt the one was watch, the other might
Paſs unespy'd to meet her by the way;
And then beſides thoſe little ſtreams, ſo broken,
He under ground ſo cloſely did convey,
That of their paſſage doth appear no token,

Till they into the Mulla's waterſlide:
So ſecretly did he his love enjoy,
Yet not ſo ſecret but it was deſcride,
And told her father by a ſhepherd's boy,
Who, wondrous wroth for that ſo foul deſpight,
In great avenge did roll down from his hill
Huge mighty ſtones, the which encomber might
His paſſage, and his water-courſes ſpill;
So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but ſcatter'd all to nought,
And, loſt among thoſe rocks into him rold,
Did loſe his name: ſo dear his love he bought."
  Which having ſaid, him Theſtylis beſpake;
"Now by my life this was a merry lay,
Worthy of Colin's ſelf, that did it make;
But read now eke, of friendſhip I thee pray,
What ditty did that other ſhepherd ſing;
For I do covet moſt the ſame to hear,
As men uſe moſt to covet fore'gn thing."
"That ſhall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His ſong was a lamentable lay
Of great unkindneſs, and of uſage hard
Of Cynthia, the lady of the ſea,
Which from her preſence faultleſs him debarr'd;
And ever and anon, with ſingults riſe,
He cried out, to make his underſong,
Ah! my love's queen, and goddeſs of my life,
Who ſhall me pity, when thou dooſt me wrong?"

Then 'gan a gentle bonny laſs to ſpeak,
That Martine hight. "Right well he ſure did plain,
That could great Cynthia's ſore diſpleaſure break,
And move to take him to her grace again.
But tell on further, Colin, as befel
'Twixt him and thee, what thee did hence diſſuade."
"When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of ſinging made,
He 'gan to caſt great liking to my lore,
And great diſliking to my luckleſs lot,
That baniſh'd had my ſelf like wight forelore,
Into that waſte, where I was quite forgot;
The which to leave thenceforth he counſel'd me,
Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardful,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to ſee,
Whoſe grace was great, and bounty moſt rewardful,
Beſides her peerleſs ſkill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did far excel,
Such as the world admir'd, and praiſed it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perſuaded forth with him to fare:
Nought took I with me but mine oaten quill,
Small needments elſe need ſhepherds to prepare;
So to the ſea we came; the ſea, that is,
A world of waters heaped up on high,
Rolling like mountains in wild wilderneſs,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarſe cry."

"And is the ſea, quoth Coridon, ſo fearful?"
"Fearful much more, quoth he, than heart can fear;
Thouſand wild beaſts, with deep mouths gaping direful,
Therein ſtill wait, poor paſſengers to tear.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold
Before he die, already dead with fear,
And yet would live with heart half ſtony cold,
Let him to ſea, and he ſhall ſee it there;
And yet as ghaſtly dreadful as it ſeems,
Bold men, preſuming life for gain to ſell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in thoſe wandring ſtreams
Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell:
For as we ſtood there waiting on the ſtrond,
Behold, an huge great veſſel to us came,
Dancing upon the water's back to lond,
As if it ſcorn'd the danger of the ſame;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
Glewed together with ſome ſubtile matter;
Yet had it arms, and wings, and head, and tail,
And life to move it ſelf upon the water.
Strange thing! how bold and ſwift the monſter was!
That neither car'd for wind, nor hail, nor rain,
Nor ſwelling waves, but thorough them did paſs
So proudly, that ſhe made them rore again.
The ſame aboord us gently did receave,
And without harm us far away did bear,
So far, that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but ſea and heaven to us appear.

Then heartleſs quite, and full of inward fear,
That ſhepherd I beſought to me to tell
Under what ſky, or in what world, we were,
In which I ſaw no living people dwell;
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that ſame was the regiment
Of a great ſhepherdeſs that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.
If then, quoth I, a ſhepherdeſs ſhe be,
Where be the flocks and herds which ſhe doth keep?
And where may I the hills and paſtures ſee,
On which ſhe uſeth for to feed her ſheep?
Theſe be the hills, quoth he, the ſurges high,
On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed;
Her herds be thouſand fiſhes with their fry,
Which in the boſom of the billows breed:
Of them the ſhepherd which has charge in chief
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horn,
At ſound whereof they all for their relief
Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of ſtinking ſeales and porcpiſces together,
With hoary head and dewy dropping beard
Compelling them which way he liſt, and whither;
And I, among the reſt of many leaſt,
Have in the ocean charge to me aſſign'd,
Where I will live or die at her beheaſt,
And ſerve and honour her with faithful mind.

Beſides, an hundred nymphs, all heavenly born,
And of immortal race, do ſtill attend
To waſh fair Cynthia's ſheep when they be ſhorn,
And fold them up when they have made an end.
Thoſe be the ſhepherds which my Cynthia ſerve
At ſea, beſides a thouſand more at land;
For land and ſea my Cynthia doth deſerve
To have in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wonder much, till wondering more
And more, at length we land far off deſcryde,
Which ſight much gladded me; for much afore
I fear'd leſt land we never ſhould have eyde:
Thereto our ſhip her courſe directly bent,
As if the way ſhe perfectly had known.
We Lynday paſs, by that ſame name is ment
An iſland which the firſt to weſt was ſhown;
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floating amid the ſea in jeopardy,
And round about with mighty white rocks hend,
Againſt the ſea's encroaching cruelty:
Thoſe ſame, the ſhepherd told me, were the fields
In which Dame Cynthia her land-herds fed,
Fair goodly fields, than which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitful to be red:
The firſt of which we nigh approached was
An high head-land, thruſt far into the ſea,
Like to an horn, whereof the name it has,
Yet ſeem'd to be a goodly pleaſant lea:

There did a lofty mount at firſt us greet;
Which did a ſtately heap of ſtones uprear,
That ſeem'd amid the ſurges for to fleet,
Much greater than that frame which us did bear;
There did our ſhip her fruitful womb unlade,
And put us all aſhore on Cynthia's land."
"What land is that thou meanſt? then Cuddy ſaid;
And is there other than whereon we ſtand?"
"Ah! Cuddy, then quoth Colin, thou's a fon,
That haſt not ſeen leaſt part of Nature's work:
Much more there is unken'd than thou dooſt kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurk:
For that ſame land much larger is than this,
And other men, and beaſts, and birds, doth feed:
There fruitful corn, fair trees, freſh herbage, is,
And all things elſe that living creatures need.
Beſides, moſt goodly rivers there appear,
No whit inferior to thy Fanchin's praiſe,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla clear:
Nought haſt thou, fooliſh Boy! ſeen in thy days."
"But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
And is their heaven likewiſe there all one?
And if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this ſame world where we do wonne?"
"Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,
Quoth he, abound in that ſame land than this;
For there all happy peace and plenteous ſtore
Conſpire in one to make contented bliſs;

No wailing there, nor wretchednefs, is heard,
No bloody iffues, nor no leprofies,
No griefly famine, nor no raging fweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries:
The fhepherds there abroad may fafely lie
On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger;
No ravenous wolves the goodman's hope deftroy,
Nor outlaws fell affray the foreft-ranger:
There learned arts do flourifh in great honour,
And poets' wits are had in peerlefs price;
Religion hath lay-powre to reft upon her,
Advancing vertue and fuppreffing vice.
For end, all good, all grace, there freely grows,
Had people grace it gratefully to ufe;
For God his gifts there plenteoufly beftows,
But gracelefs men them greatly do abufe."
"But fay on further, then, faid Corylas,
The reft of thine adventures that betided."
"Forth on our voyage we by land did pafs,
Quoth he, as that fame fhepherd ftill us guided,
Until that we to Cynthia's prefence came,
Whofe glory, greater than my fimple thought,
I found much greater than the former fame;
Such greatnefs I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of lillies
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
With rofes dight, and goolds, and daffadillies;

Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow be;
Or like fair Phœbe's girlond ſhining new,
In which all pure perfection one may ſee.
But vain it is to think by paragon
Of earthly things to judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wiſdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, baſe ſhepherd! bold and blind,
Preſume the things ſo ſacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind
The image of the heavens in ſhape humane."
  With that Alexis broke his tale aſunder,
Saying, "By wondring at thy Cynthia's praiſe,
Colin, thy ſelf thou mak'ſt us more to wonder,
And her upraiſing dooſt thy ſelf upraiſe.
But let us hear what grace ſhe ſhewed thee,
And how that ſhepherd ſtrange thy cauſe advanc'd."
"The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that goddeſs' grace me firſt enhanc'd,
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her ear,
That ſhe thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it deſir'd at timely hours to hear,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by meaſure of her own great mind,
And wondrous worth, ſhe mott my ſimple ſong,
But joy'd that country ſhepherd ought could find
Worth hearkening to emongſt that learned throng."

"Why, ſaid Alexis, then, what needeth ſhe,
That is ſo great a ſhepherdeſs her ſelf,
And hath ſo many ſhepherds in her fee,
To hear thee ſing, a ſimple ſilly elf?
Or be the ſhepherds which do ſerve her laiſie,
That they liſt not their merry pipes apply?
Or be their pipes untuneable and craiſie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?"
"Ah! nay, ſaid Colin, neither ſo nor ſo;
For better ſhepherds be not under ſkie,
Nor better able, when they liſt to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged
In faithful ſervice of fair Cynthia,
And there is Coridon, but meanly waged,
Yet a bleſt wit of moſt I know this day:
And there is ſad Alcyon, bent to mourn,
Though fit to frame an everlaſting dittie,
Whoſe gentle ſpright for Daphne's death doth tourn
Sweet lays of love to endleſs plaints of pittie.
Ah! penſive Boy! purſue that brave conceit,
In thy ſweet eglantine of meriflure;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted hight,
That may thy Muſe and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Palin, worthy of great praiſe,
Albe he envie at my ruſtick quill,
And there is pleaſing Alcon, could he raiſe
His tunes from layes to matter of more ſkill.

And there is old Palæmon, free from ſpight,
Whoſe carefull pipe may make the hearer rew,
Yet he himſelf may rewed be more right,
That ſung ſo long untill quite hoarſe he grew.
And there is Alabaſter, throughly taught
In all his ſkill, though knowen yet to few,
Yet were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
His Eliſeis would be read anew:
Who lives that can match that heroick ſong
Which he hath of that mighty princeſs made?
O dearest Dread! do not thy ſelf that wrong,
To let thy fame lie ſo in hidden ſhade,
But call it forth; O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun,
That when he finiſht hath as it ſhould be,
No braver poem can be under ſun:
Nor Po nor Tyber's ſwans ſo much renown'd,
Nor all the brood of Greece ſo highly prais'd,
Can match that Muſe, when it with bayes is crown'd,
And to the pitch of her perfection rais'd.
And there is a new ſhepherd late up ſprong,
The which doth all afore him far ſurpaſs,
Appearing well in that well-tuned ſong,
Which late he ſung unto a ſcornful laſs:
Yet doth his trembling Muſe but lowly flie,
As daring not too raſhly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
In love's ſoft layes, and looſer thoughts delight.

Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
And to what courſe thou pleaſe thy ſelf advance,
But moſt, me ſeems, thy accent will excel
In tragick plaints and paſſionate miſchance.
And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is
That ſpends his wit in love's conſuming ſmart;
Full ſweetly tempred is that Muſe of his,
That can impierce a prince's mighty heart.
There alſo is (ah! no, he is not now!)
But ſince I ſaid he is he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amarillis left to mone!
Help, O ye Shepherds! help ye all in this,
Help Amarillis this her loſs to mourn;
Her loſs is yours, your loſs Amyntas is,
Amyntas! flower of ſhepherds pride forlorn:
He, whilſt he lived, was the nobleſt ſwain
That ever piped on an oaten quill;
Both did he other which could pipe maintain,
And eke could pipe himſelf with paſſing ſkill.
And there, though laſt, not leaſt, is Action,
A gentler ſhepherd may no where be found,
Whoſe Muſe full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himſelf heroically ſound.
All theſe, and many others moe remain,
Now after Aſtrofell is dead and gone:
But while as Aſtrofell did live and reign,
Amongſt all theſe was none his paragon.

All theſe do floriſh in their ſundry kind,
And do their Cynthia immortal make,
Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
Not for my ſkill, but for that ſhepherd's ſake."
Then ſpake a lovely laſs, hight Lucida;
"Shepherd, enough of ſhepherds thou haſt told,
Which favour thee and honour Cynthia;
But of ſo many nymphs which ſhe doth hold
In her retinew, thou haſt nothing ſaid,
That ſeems with none of them thou favour foundeſt,
Or art ingrateful to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deſerts reſoundeſt."
"Ah! far be it, quoth Colin Clout, fro me,
That I of gentle maids ſhould ill deſerve,
For that my ſelf I do profeſs to be
Vaſſal to one whom all my days I ſerve;
The beam of beauty ſparkled from above,
The flowre of virtue and pure chaſtitie;
The bloſſom of ſweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerleſs grace and modeſty;
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize;
To her my love I lowly do proſtrate,
To her my life I wholly ſacrifice;
My thought, my heart, my love, my life, is ſhe,
And I her's ever only, ever one;
One ever I, all vowed her's to be,
One ever I, and other's never none.

Then thus Meliſſa ſaid, "Thrice happy maid,
Whom thou dooſt ſo enforce to deify;
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thou haſt made
Her name to eccho unto heaven high:
But ſay who elſe vouchſaſed thee of grace?"
"They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praiſe; but in the higheſt place
Urania, ſiſter unto Aſtrofell,
In whoſe brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are,
More rich than pearls of Inde, or gold of Opher,
And in her ſex more wonderful and rare.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy I Theana read,
Whoſe goodly beams tho' they be over-dight
With mourning ſtole of careful widowhead,
Yet through that darkſom veil do gliſter bright:
She is the well of bounty and brave mind,
Excelling moſt in glory and great light;
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Court's chief girlond, with all vertues dight;
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefeſt grace
Doth hold, and next unto her ſelf advance;
Well worthy ſhe ſo honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy is her ſiſter dear,
Fair Marian, the Muſes' only dearling,
Whoſe beauty ſhineth as the morning clear,
With ſilver dew upon the roſes pearling.

Ne leſs praiſe-worthy is Manſilia,
Beſt known by bearing up great Cynthia's train;
That ſame is ſhe to whom Daphnaida
Upon her neece's death I did complain:
She is the pattern of true womanhead,
And only mirror of feminity,
Worthy next after Cynthia to tredd,
As ſhe is next her in nobility.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy Galathea ſeems
Than beſt of all that honourable crew;
Fair Galathea! with bright ſhining beams,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view:
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her wonne; but here with us
About the borders of our rich Coſma,
Now made of Maa, the nymph delicious.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy fair Neæra is;
Neæra! ours, not theirs, though there ſhe be;
For of the famous Shure the nymph ſhe is,
For high deſert advaunſt to that degree:
She is the bloom of grace and curtiſie,
Adorned with all honourable parts;
She is the branch of true nobility,
Belov'd of high and low with faithful hearts.
Ne leſs praiſe-worthy Stella do I read,
Tho' nought my praiſes of her needed are,
Whom verſe of nobleſt ſhepherd, lately dead,
Hath prais'd, and rais'd above each other ſtarre.

Ne leſs praiſe-worthy are the ſiſters three,
The honour of the noble familie
Of which I meaneſt boaſt my ſelf to be,
And moſt that unto them I am ſo nie,
Phyllis, Charillis, and ſweet Amarillis.
Phyllis the fair is eldeſt of the three;
The next to her is bountiful Charillis;
But th' youngeſt is the higheſt in degree.
Phyllis, the flow'r of rare perfection,
Fair ſpreading forth her leaves with freſh delight,
That with their beauty's amorous reflection
Bereave of ſenſe each raſh beholder's ſight;
But ſweet Charillis is the paragone
Of peerleſs price and ornament of praiſe,
Admir'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the mild temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble ſwain,
The which art of ſo rich a ſpoil poſſeſt,
And it embracing dear without diſdain,
Haſt ſole poſſeſſion in ſo chaſte a breaſt!
Of all the ſhepherds' daughters which there be,
(And yet there be the faireſt under ſky,
Or that elſewhere I ever yet did ſee)
A fairer nymph yet never ſaw mine eye;
She is the pride and primroſe of the reſt,
Made by the Maker ſelf to be admired;
And like a goodly beacon high addreſt,
That is with ſparks of heavenly beauty fired.

But Amarillis, whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from Cupid's yoke by Fate,
Since which he doth new bands' adventure dread.
Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
In this or that prais'd diversly apart,
In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
And seal'd up in the treasure of her heart.
Ne thee less worthy, gentle Flavia!
For thy chaste life and vertue I esteem.
Ne thee less worthy, curteous Candida!
For thy true love and loyalty I deem.
Besides yet many mo that Cynthia serve,
Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended;
But if I all should praise as they deserve,
This sun would fail me ere I half had ended;
Therefore in closure of a thankful mind
I deem it best to hold eternally
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrin'd,
Than by discourse them to indignify."
So having said, Aglaura him bespake;
"Colin, well worthy were those goodly favours
Bestow'd on thee, that so of them doost make,
And them requitest with thy thankful labours;
But of great Cynthia's goodness and high grace
Finish the story which thou hast begun."
"More eath, quoth he, it is in such a case
How to begin, than know how to have done;

For every gift, and every goodly meed
Which ſhe on me beſtow'd demands a day,
And every day in which ſhe did a deed
Demands a year it duly to diſplay.
Her words were like a ſtream of hony fleeting,
The which doth ſoftly trickle from the hive,
Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead again alive.
Her deeds were like great cluſters of ripe grapes
Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of timely wine.
Her looks were like beams of the morning ſun,
Forth-looking through the window of the Eaſt,
When firſt the fleecie cattle have begun
Upon the perled graſs to make their feaſt.
Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincenſe,
Which from a golden cenſer forth doth riſe,
And throwing forth ſweet odours, mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vaulted ſkies:
There ſhe beholds, with high aſpiring thought,
The cradle of her own creation,
Emongſt the ſeats of angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an angel in all form and faſhion."

"Colin, ſaid Cuddy, then thou haſt forgot
Thy ſelf, me ſeems, too much, to mount ſo hie;
Such lofty flight baſe ſhepherd ſeemeth not,
From flocks and fields to angels and to ſky."

"True, anſwer'd he; but her great excellence
Lifts me above the meaſure of my might,
That being fill'd with furious inſolence,
I feel my ſelf like one yrapt in ſpright:
For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to ſpeak it fitly forth;
And when I ſpeak of her what I have thought,
I cannot think according to her worth:
Yet will I think of her, yet will I ſpeak,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death theſe vital bands ſhall break,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever:
Her name in every tree I will endoſs,
That as the trees do grow her name may grow,
And in the ground each where will it engroſs,
And fill with ſtones, that all men may it know.
The ſpeaking woods and murmuring waters-fall
Her name I'le teach in knowen terms to frame;
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
I'le teach to call for Cynthia by name:
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongſt the ſhepherds daughters dauncing round,
My lays made of her ſhall not be forgotten,
But ſung by them with flowry girlonds crown'd.
And ye, whoſo ye be, that ſhall ſurvive,
When as ye hear her memory renew'd,
Be witneſs of her bounty here alive,
Which ſhe to Colin her poor ſhepherd ſhew'd."

Much was the whole aſſembly of thoſe heards
Mov'd at his ſpeech, ſo feelingly he ſpake,
And ſtood awhile aſtoniſh'd at his words,
Till Theſtylis at laſt their ſilence brake,
Saying, "Why, Colin, ſince thou found'ſt ſuch grace
With Cynthia, and all her noble crew,
Why didſt thou ever leave that happy place,
In which ſuch wealth might unto thee accrew,
And back returnedſt to this barren ſoil,
Where Cold, and Care, and Penury, do dwell,
Here to keep ſheep with hunger and with toil?
Moſt wretched he that is and cannot tell."
"Happy indeed, ſaid Colin, I him hold,
That may that bleſſed preſence ſtill enjoy,
Of Fortune and of Envy uncontroul'd,
Which ſtill are wont moſt happy ſtates t'annoy;
But I, by that which little while I prov'd,
Some part of thoſe enormities did ſee,
The which in Court continually hoov'd,
And follow'd thoſe which happy ſeem'd to be;
Therefore I, ſilly Man! whoſe former days
Had in rude fields been altogether ſpent,
Durſt not adventure ſuch unknowen ways,
Nor truſt the guile of Fortune's blandiſhment,
But rather choſe back to my ſheep to tourn,
Whoſe utmoſt hardneſs I before had try'd,
Than having learn'd repentance late, to mourn
Emongſt thoſe wretches which I there deſcry'd."

"Shepherd, ſaid Theſtylis, it ſeems of ſpight
Thou ſpeakeſt thus 'gainſt their felicity,
Which thou envieſt, rather than of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou dooſt ſpy."
"Cauſe have I none, quoth he, of cancred will
To quit them ill that me demean'd ſo well,
But ſelf-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, ſo as I found, to tell,
And eke to warn young ſhepherd's wandring wit,
Which through report of that life's painted bliſs
Abandon quiet home to ſeeke for it,
And leave their lambs to loſs, miſled amiſs;
For ſooth to ſay, it is no ſort of life
For ſhepherd fit to lead in that ſame place,
Where each one ſeeks with malice and with ſtrife
To thruſt down other into foul diſgrace,
Himſelf to raiſe; and he doth ſooneſt riſe
That beſt can handle his deceitful wit
In ſubtil ſhifts, and fineſt ſleights deviſe,
Either by ſlandring his well-deemed name,
Through leaſings lewd and feigned forgery,
Or elſe by breeding him ſome blot of blame,
By creeping cloſe into his ſecrecy;
To which him needes a guilefull hollow heart,
Maſked with fair diſſembling curteſy,
A filed tongue, furniſh'd with terms of art,
No art of ſchool, but courtiers' ſchoolery:

For arts of ſchool have there ſmall countenance,
Counted but toys to buſy idle brains,
And there profeſſors find ſmall maintenance,
But to be inſtruments of others gains:
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unleſs to pleaſe it ſelf it can apply,
But ſhouldred is, or out of door quite ſhit,
As baſe, or blunt, unmeet for melody:
For each man's worth is meaſur'd by his weed,
As harts by horns, or aſſes by their ears;
Yet aſſes be not all whoſe ears exceed,
Nor yet all harts that horns the higheſt bears:
For higheſt looks have not the higheſt mind,
Nor haughty words moſt full of higheſt thought;
But are like bladders blowen up with wind,
That being prick'd do vaniſh into nought.
Even ſuch is all their vaunted vanity
Nought elſe but ſmoke that fumeth ſoon away;
Such is their glory that in ſimple eye
Seem greateſt when their garments are moſt gay:
So they themſelves for praiſe of fools do ſell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall,
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchaſe higheſt rooms in bower and hall,
Whiles ſingle Truth and ſimple Honeſty
Do wander up and down deſpis'd of all;
Their plain attire ſuch glorious gallantry
Diſdains ſo much, that none them in doth call."

"Ah! Colin, then ſaid Hobbinol, the blame
Which thou imputeſt is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honeſt mind, might there be found at all:
For well I wot, ſith I my ſelf was there
To wait on Lobbin (Lobbin well thou kneweſt)
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As ever elſe in prince's court thou vieweſt;
Of which among you many yet remain,
Whoſe names I cannot readily now gueſs;
Thoſe that poor ſuters papers do retain,
And thoſe that ſkill of medicine profeſs,
And thoſe that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden of ſtrange languages in charge;
For Cynthia doth in ſciences abound,
And gives to their profeſſors ſtipends large;
Therefore unjuſtly thou dooſt wite them all
For that which thou miſlikeſt in a few."
"Blame is, quoth he, more blameleſs general,
Than that which private errors doth purſue;
For well I wote that there amongſt them be
Full many perſons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of ſpotleſs honeſty,
And for profeſſion of all learned arts,
Whoſe praiſe hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on thoſe that faulty be;
For all the reſt do moſt-what fare amiſs,
And yet their own misfaring will not ſee;

For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envy, that their galls do ſwell,
Or they their days to idleneſs divide,
Or drowned lie in pleaſure's waſtful well,
In which, like moldwarps, nouſling ſtill they lurk,
Unmindful of chief parts of manlineſs,
And do themſelves, for want of other work,
Vain votaries of lazy Love profeſs,
Whoſe ſervice high ſo baſely they enſue,
That Cupid's ſelf of them aſhamed is,
And muſtring all his men in Venus' view,
Denies them quite for ſervitors of his."
"And is Love, then, ſaid Corilas, once known
In Court, and his ſweet lore profeſſed there?
I weened ſure he was our god alone,
And only woon'd in fields and foreſts here."
"Not ſo, quoth he, love moſt aboundeth there;
For all the walls and windows there are writ
All full of love, and love, and love, my Dear,
And all their talk and ſtudy is of it;
Ne any there doth brave or valiant ſeem,
Unleſs that ſome gay miſtreſs' badg he bears;
Ne any one himſelf doth ought eſteem,
Unleſs he ſwim in love up to the ears:
But they of Love, and of his ſacred lere,
(As it ſhould be) all otherwiſe deviſe
Than we poor ſhepherds are accuſtom'd here,
And him do ſue and ſerve all otherwiſe:

For with leud ſpeeches and licentious blame
His mighty myſteries they do profane,
And uſe his idle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vain:
So him they do not ſerve as they profeſs,
But make him ſerve to them for ſordid uſes.
Ah! my dread Lord, that doſt liege hearts poſſeſs,
Avenge thy ſelf on them for their abuſes.
But we, poor ſhepherds, whether rightly ſo,
Or through our rudeneſs into error led,
Do make religion how we raſhly go,
To ſerve that god that is ſo greatly dread;
For him the greateſt of the gods we deem,
Born without ſire or couples of one kind,
For Venus' ſelf doth ſolely couples ſeem,
Both male and female, through commixture join'd:
So pure and ſpotleſs Cupid forth ſhe brought,
And in the Gardens of Adonis nurs'd,
Where growing, he his own perfection wrought,
And ſhortly was of all the gods the firſt:
Then got he bow and ſhafts of gold and lead,
In which ſo fell and puiſſant he grew,
That Jove himſelf his power began to dread,
And taking up to heaven, him godded new:
From thence he ſhoots his arrows every where
Into the world, at random, as he will,
On us frail men, his wretched vaſſals here,
Like as himſelf us pleaſeth ſave or ſpill.

For either worſhip, ſo we him adore,
With humble hearts to heaven up-lifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Prefer, and of their grace us dignify:
Ne is there ſhepherd, ne yet ſhepherd's ſwain,
Whatever feeds in foreſt or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leaſing vain
Blaspheme his power, or terms unworthy yield."
"Shepherd, it ſeems that ſome celeſtial rage
Of love, quoth Cuddy, is breath'd into thy breaſt,
That poureth forth theſe oracles ſo ſage,
Of that high power wherewith thou art poſſeſt;
But never wiſt I till this preſent day,
Albe of Love I always humbly deem'd,
That he was ſuch an one as thou dooſt ſay,
And ſo religiouſly to be eſteem'd:
Well may it ſeem by this thy deep inſight,
That of that god the prieſt thou ſhouldeſt be;
So well thou wot'ſt the myſtery of his might,
As if his godhead thou didſt preſent ſee."
"Of Love's perfection perfectly to ſpeak,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed, ſaith Colin, paſſeth reaſon's reach,
And needs his prieſt t'expreſs his power divine;
For long before the world he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus' boſom dear;
For by his power the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appear:

For how ſhould elſe things ſo far from attone,
And ſo great enemies as of them be,
Be ever drawn together into one,
And taught in ſuch accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water fire, the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavie down to poize, the hungry t'eat,
And voidneſs to ſeek full ſatiety:
So being former foes, they wexed friends,
And 'gan by little learn to love each other;
So being knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitful womb of their great mother:
Then firſt 'gan heaven out of darkneſs dread
For to appear, and brought forth cheerful Day;
Next 'gan the Earth to ſhew her naked head
Out of deep waters, which her drown'd alway;
And ſhortly after every living wight
Crept forth, like worms out of their ſlimy Nature,
Soon as on them the ſun's life-giving light
Had poured kindly heat and formal feature:
Thenceforth they 'gan each one his like to love,
And like himſelf deſire for to beget:
The lion choſe his mate, the turtle-dove
Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet:
But man, that had the ſpark of reaſon's might
More than the reſt, to rule his paſſion,
Choſe for his love the faireſt in his ſight,
Like as himſelf was faireſt by creation:

For beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind;
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind,
Againſt whoſe power nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound;
But being hurt, ſeek to be medicin'd
Of her that firſt did ſtir that mortal ſtownd.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With prayers loud importuning the ſky,
Whence he them hears, and when he liſt ſhew grace,
Does grant them grace, that otherwiſe would die.
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerful ſaw,
All being made the vaſſals of his might
Through ſecret ſenſe which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deem,
And with chaſte heart to honour him alway;
But whoſo elſe doth otherwiſe eſteem
Are out-laws, and his lore do diſobey;
For their deſire is baſe, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of diſloyal luſt;
Ne 'mongſt true lovers they ſhall place inherit,
But as exuls out of his court be thruſt."
So having ſaid, Meliſſa ſpake at will;
"Colin, thou now full deeply haſt divin'd
Of love and beauty, and with wondrous ſkill
Haſt Cupid's ſelf depainted in his kind:

To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That dooſt their cauſe ſo mightily defend;
But moſt all women are thy debtors found,
That dooſt their bounty ſtill ſo much commend."
"That ill, ſaid Hobbinol, they him requite;
For having loved ever one moſt dear,
He is repaid with ſcorn and foul deſpite,
That yrks each gentle heart which it doth hear."
"Indeed, ſaid Lucid, I have often heard
Fair Roſalinde of divers fouly blamed
For being to that ſwain too cruell hard,
That her bright glory elſe hath much defamed;
But who can tell what cauſe had that fair maid
To uſe him ſo that loved her ſo well?
Or who with blame can juſtly her upbraid
For loving not? for who can love compel?
And ſooth to ſay, it is fool-hardy thing
Raſhly to witen creatures ſo divine;
For demi-gods they be, and firſt did ſpring
From heaven, though graft in frailneſs feminine,
And well I wote that oft I heard it ſpoken,
How one that faireſt Helene did revile,
Through judgment of the gods, to been ywroken,
Loſt both his eyes, and ſo remain'd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praiſe:
Beware, therefore, ye Grooms, I read betimes,
How raſhly blame of Roſalinde ye raiſe."

" Ah! Shepherds, then ſaid Colin, ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make ſo bold a doom with words unmeet,
Of things celeſtial, which ye never ſaw;
For ſhe is not like as the other crew
Of ſhepherds' daughters which emongſt you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did ſee.
Not then to her that ſcorned thing ſo baſe,
But to my ſelf the blame, that lookt ſo hie;
So high her thoughts as ſhe her ſelf have place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye:
Yet ſo much grace let her vouchſafe to grant
To ſimple ſwain, ſith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravaunt,
And praiſe her worth, though far my wit above;
Such grace ſhall be ſome guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured;
Such grace ſometimes ſhall give me ſome relief
And eaſe of pain, which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow-Shepherds, which do ſee
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witneſs be
That her's I die, nought to the world denying
This ſimple trophy of her great conqueſt."
So having ended, he from ground did riſe,
And after him uproſe eke all the reſt;
All loth to part, but that the glooming ſkies
Warn'd them to draw their bleating flocks to reſt.

# *VIRGIL'S GNAT.*

To the most noble and excellent Lord,

## THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

*Wrong'd, yet not daring to express my pain,*
*To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,*
*In cloudy tears my case I thus complain*
*Unto your self, that only privy are;*
*But if that any Oedipus, unware,*
*Shall chance, through power of some divining spright,*
*To read the secret of this riddle rare,*
*And know the purport of my evil plight,*
*Let him be pleased with his own insight,*
*Ne further seek to glose upon the text;*
*For grief enough it is to grieved wight*
*To feel this fault, and not be further vext:*
*But what so by my self may not be shown,*
*May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known.*

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I.

We now have plaid (Augustus) wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have only playd; let thus much then excuse
This Gnat's small Poem, that the whole history
Is but a jest, tho Envy it abuse;
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seem than this Gnat's idle name.

II.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeake to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure,
And for thy worth frame ſome fit poeſy;
The golden offspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Jove's progeny,
Phœbus, ſhall be the author of my ſong,
Playing on ivory harp with ſilver ſtrong.

III.

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle mood
Of poet's prince, whether he woone beſide
Fair Xanthus ſprinkled with Chimæras blood,
Or in the woods of Aſtery abide,
Or whereas Mount Parnaſſe, the Muſes' brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two horns divide,
And the ſweet waves of ſounding Caſtaly,
With liquid foot doth ſlide down eaſily.

IV.

Wherefore ye Siſters, which the glory be
Of the Pierian ſtreams, fair Naiades,
Go to, and dancing all in company,
Adorn that god. And thou, holy Pales!
To whom the honeſt care of huſbandry
Returneth by continual ſucceſs,
Have care for to purſue his footing light, [dight.
Through the wide woods and groves, with green leaves

V.

Profeffing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the foreft wide and ftarry fky;
And thou, moft drad Octavius, which oft
To learned wits giv'ft courage worthily,
O come, (thou facred Child!) come fliding foft,
And favour my beginnings gracioufly;
For not thefe leaves do fing that dreadful ftound,
When giants' blood did ftain Phlegræan ground.

VI.

Nor how th' half-horfie people, Centaures hight,
Fought with the bloody Lapithaes at bord;
Nor how the Eaft, with tyrannous defpight,
Burnt th' Attick towers, and people flew with fword;
Nor how Mount Athos, through exceeding might,
Was digged down; nor yron bands abord
The Pontick Sea by their huge navy caft,
My volume fhall renown, fo long fince paft.

VII.

Nor Hellefpont, trampled with horfes' feet,
When flocking Perfians did the Greeks affray;
But my foft Mufe, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with Phœbus' friendly leave) to play
An eafie running verfe with tender feet.
And thou, (drad facred Child!) to thee alway
Let everlafting lightfom glory ftrive
Through the world's endlefs ages to furvive.

VIII.

And let an happy room remain for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where bleſſed ſouls do reſt;
And let long laſting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meed that thou deſerveſt beſt,
Hereafter many years remembred be
Amongſt good men, of whom thou oft art bleſt.
Live thou for ever in all happineſs.
But let us turn to our firſt buſineſs.

IX.

The fiery ſun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden charet gliſtering light,
And fair Aurora with her roſie hair,
That hateful darkneſs now had put to flight,
When as the ſhepherd ſeeing day appear,
His little goats 'gan drive out of their ſtalls,
To feed abroad where paſture beſt befalls.

X.

To an high mountain's top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſs did cloath the open hills;
They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themſelves far abroad through each deſcent;
Some on the ſoft green graſs feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffs on hie,
Nibble the buſhy ſhrubs which grow thereby.

XI.

Others the utmoſt boughs of trees do crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigs that freſhly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmoſt top
Of ſome ſoft willow or new growen ſtud;
This with ſharp teeth the bramble-leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud,
The whiles another high doth over-look
Her own like image in a cryſtal brook.

XII.

O the great happineſs which ſhepherds have,
Who-ſo loaths not too much the poor eſtate,
With mind that ill uſe doth before deprave,
Ne meaſures all things by the coſtly rate
Of riotiſe, and ſemblants outward brave!
No ſuch ſad cares as wont to macerate
And rend the greedy minds of covetous men,
Do ever creep into the ſhepherd's den.

XIII.

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arrays
Be not twice ſteeped in Aſſyrian dye,
Ne gliſtering of gold, which underlays
The ſummer beams, do blind his gazing eyes;
Ne pictures beauty, nor the glancing rays
Of precious ſtones, whence no good cometh by;
Ne yet his cup emboſt with imagery
Of Bœtus, or of Alcon's vanity.

XIV.

Ne ought the whelky pearls eſteemeth he,
Which are from Indian ſeas brought far away,
But with pure breaſt, from careful ſorrow free,
On the ſoft graſs his limbs doth oft diſplay
In ſweet ſpring-time, when flowers' variety
With ſundry colours paints the ſprinkled lay;
There lying all at eaſe from guile or ſpight,
With pipe of fenny reeds doth him delight.

XV.

There he, lord of himſelf, with palm bedight,
His looſer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine;
There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
And fruitful Pales, and the foreſt green,
And darkſom caves in pleaſant vallies pight,
Whereas continual ſhade is to be ſeen,
And where freſh ſpringing wells, as cryſtal neat,
Do always flow to quench his thirſty heat.

XVI.

O! who can lead then a more happy life
Than he, that with clean mind, and heart ſincere,
No greedy riches knows nor bloody ſtrife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleet doth fear,
Ne runs in peril of foes cruel knife,
That in the ſacred temples he may rear
A trophee of his glittering ſpoils and treaſure,
Or may abound with riches above meaſure?

XVII.

Of him his God is worſhipt with his ſyth,
And not with ſkill of craftman poliſhed;
He joys in groves, and makes himſelf full blyth
With ſundry flowers in wild fields gathered:
Ne frankincenſe he from Panchæa buyth;
Sweet Quiet harbours in his harmleſs head,
And perfect Pleaſure builds her joyous bowre,
Free from ſad cares, that rich men's hearts devowre.

XVIII.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,
To this his mind and ſenſes he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiet's matchleſs treaſour,
Content with any food that God doth ſend;
And how his limbs, reſolv'd through idle leiſour,
Unto ſweet ſleep he may ſecurely lend,
In ſome cool ſhadow from the ſcorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eat.

XIX.

O Flocks! O Fauns! and, O ye pleaſant Springs
Of Tempe! where the country nymphs are rife,
Through whoſe not coſtly care each ſhepherd ſings
As merry notes upon his ruſtick fife
As that Aſtræan bard whoſe fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyful life,
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyl,
In which fond men do all their days turmoyl.

XX.

In ſuch delights, whilſt thus his careleſs time
This ſhepherd drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on ſhrill reeds chaunting his ruſtick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beams full hott,
Into the higheſt top of heaven 'gan clime,
And the world parting by an equal lott,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great Ocean doth himſelf divide.

XXI.

Then 'gan the ſhepherd gather into one
His ſtragling goats, and drave them to a foord,
Whoſe cærule ſtream, rombling in pibble-ſtone,
Crept under moſs as green as any goord.
Now had the ſun half heaven overgone,
When he his herd back from that water foord
Drave from the force of Phœbus' boyling ray
Into thick ſhadows, there themſelves to lay.

XXII.

Soon as he them plac't in thy ſacred wood
(O Delian Goddeſs!) ſaw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus' blood,
Cruell Agave, flying vengeance ſore
Of King Nictileus, for the guilty blood
Which ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
There ſhe half frantick, having ſlain her ſon,
Did ſhroud her ſelf, like puniſhment to ſhun.

XXIII.

Here alſo playing on the graſſie green,
Wood-gods, and Satyres, and ſwift Dryades,
With many Fairies, oft were dancing ſeen.
Not ſo much did Dan Orpheus repreſs
The ſtreams of Hebrus with his ſongs, I ween,
As that fair troop of woddy goddeſſes
Stay'd thee (O Peneus !) pouring forth to thee,
From chearful looks, great mirth and gladſom glee.

XXIV.

The very nature of the place, reſounding
With gentle murmur of the breathing air,
A pleaſing bowre, with all delight abounding,
In the freſh ſhadow did for them prepare,
To reſt their limbs with weavineſs redounding:
For firſt the high palm-trees, with branches fair,
Out of the lowly vallies did ariſe,
And high ſhoot up their heads into the ſkyes.

XXV.

And them amongſt the wicked lotos grew,
Wicked for holding guilefully away
Ulyſſes' men, whom rapt with ſweetneſs new
Taking to hoſt, it quite from him did ſtay;
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hue
The Sun's ſad daughters wail'd the raſh decay
Of Phæton, whoſe limbs, with lightning rent,
They gathering up with ſweet tears did lament.

XXVI.

And that ſame tree, in which Demophoon
By his diſloyalty lamented ſore,
Eternal hurt left unto many one,
Whom als accompanied the oak of yore,
Through fatal charms transform'd to ſuch an one;
The oak, whoſe acorns were our food before
That Ceres' ſeed of mortal men was known,
Which firſt Triptoleme taught how to be ſown.

XXVII.

Here alſo grew the rougher-rinded pine,
The great Argoan ſhip's brave ornament,
Whom Golden Fleece did make an heavenly ſign,
Which coveting, with his high top's extent
To make the mountains touch the ſtars divine,
Decks all the foreſt with embelliſhment,
And the black holm, that loves the watry vale,
And the ſweet cypreſs, ſign of deadly bale.

XXVIII.

Emongſt the reſt the clambring yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton arms with graſping hold,
Leſt that the poplar happily ſhould rew
Her brother's ſtrokes, whoſe boughs ſhe doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top ſurvew,
And paint with pallid green her buds of gold;
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
Nor yet unmindful of her old reproach.

XXIX.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,
And under them a silver spring forth pouring
His trickling streams, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their jarring voyces bent,
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around,
All which the airy eccho did resound.

XXX.

In this so pleasant place this shepherd's flock
Lay every where, their weary limbs to rest
On every bush and every hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best;
The whiles the shepherd self tending his stock,
Sate by the fountain side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him,
Display'd on ground, and seized every lim.

XXXI.

Of trechery or trains nought took he keep,
But, loosly on the grassy green dispred,
His dearest life did trust to careless sleep,
Which weighing down his drouping drowsie hed,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Devoid of care, and fear of all falshed,
Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietness to spill.

XXXII.

For at his wonted time in that ſame place,
An huge great ſerpent, all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelf in moriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himſelf to hide;
He paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſh'd tongue the empty air did gride,
And wrapt his ſcaly boughts with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

XXXIII.

Now more and more having himſelf enroll'd,
His glittering breſt he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His creſt above, ſpotted with purple dye,
On every ſide did ſhine like ſcaly gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did ſeem to flame out flakes of flaſhing fire,
And with ſtern looks to threaten kindled yre.

XXXIV.

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelf diſpace
There round about, when as at laſt he ſpide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and moſt truſty guide;
Eftſoons more fierce in viſage and in pace,
Throwing his firy eyes on every ſide,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full ſternly rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

XXXV.

Much he difdains that any one fhould dare
To come unto his haunt, for which intent
He inly burns, and gins ftraight to prepare
The weapons which to him Nature had lent:
Felly he hiffeth, and doth fiercely ftare,
And hath his jaws with angry fpirits rent,
That all his track with bloody drops is ftain'd,
And all his folds are now in length out-ftrain'd.

XXXVI.

Whom thus at point prepared to prevent,
A little nourfling of the humid air,
A Gnat, unto the fleepy fhepherd went,
And marking where his eye-lids, twinkling rare,
Shew'd the two pearls which fight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fair,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warn'd him awake, from death himfelf to keep.

XXXVII.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upftart,
And with his hand him rafhly bruizing flew,
As in avengement of his heedlefs fmart,
That ftraight the fpirit out of his fenfes flew,
And life out of his members did depart;
When fuddenly cafting afide his view,
He fpide his foe, with felonous intent
And fervent eyes to his deftruction bent.

XXXVIII.

All ſuddenly diſmay'd, and heartleſs quight,
He fled aback, and catching haſty hold
Of a young alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him 'gan behold
What god or fortune would aſſiſt his might:
But whether God or Fortune made him bold
It's hard to read; yet hardy will he had
To overcome, that made him leſs adrad.

XXXIX.

The ſcalie back of that moſt hideous ſnake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And of him to aſſail, he fiercely ſtrake,
Whereas his temples did his creaſt-front tyre;
And for he was but ſlow, did ſloth off ſhake,
And gazing ghaſtly on (for fear and ire
Had blent ſo much his ſenſe that leſs he fear'd)
Yet when he ſaw him ſlain himſelf he chear'd.

XL.

By this the Night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of Herebus her teemed ſteeds 'gan call,
And lazie Veſper, in his timely howre,
From golden Oeta 'gan proceed withall;
Whenas the ſhepherd, after this ſharp ſtowre,
Seeing the doubled ſhadows low to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flock, does homeward fare,
And unto reſt his weary joynts prepare.

XLI.

Into whose sense so soon as lighter sleep
Was entred, and now loosing every lim,
Sweet slumbring dew in carelesness did steep,
The image of that Gnat appear'd to him,
And in sad terms 'gan sorrowfully weep,
With grisly countenance and visage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In steed of good, hastning his cruel fate.

XLII.

Said he, "What have I, Wretch! deserv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-cast,
Whilst that thy life more dear and precious
Was than mine own, so long as it did last?
I now, in lieu of pains so gracious,
Am tost in th' air with every windy blast;
Thou, safe delivered from sad decay,
Thy carelefs limbs in loose sleep doost display.

XLIII.

So livest thou; but my poor wretched ghost
Is forc'd to ferry over Lethe's river,
And, spoil'd of Charon, to and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on every post?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fire-brond encountering me,
Whose locks uncombed cruel adders be.

XLIV.

And Cerberus, whose many mouths do bay
And bark out flames, as if on fire he fed,
Adown whose neck, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
Do hang in heaps, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes do glister firy red,
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten
With painful torments to be sorely beaten.

XLV.

Ay me! that thanks so much should fail of meed,
For that I thee restor'd to life again,
Even from the door of death and deadly dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my pain?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pity vanish'd is in vain,
And th'antique faith of justice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

XLVI.

I saw another's fate approaching fast,
And left mine own his safety to tender;
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shun'd destruction doth destruction render:
Not unto him that never hath trespast,
But punishment is due to the offender:
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankful will may it relent.

XLVII.

I carried am into waſte wilderneſs,
Waſte wilderneſs, amongſt Cymmerian ſhades,
Where endleſs pains and hideous heavineſs
Is round about me heapt in darkſom glades;
For there huge Othos ſits in ſad diſtreſs,
Faſt bound with ſerpents that him oft invades,
Far off beholding Ephialtes' tide,
Which once aſſail'd to burn this world ſo wide.

XLVIII.

And there is mournfull Tityus, mindful yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, O Latona fair!
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it
That made him meat for wild fowls of the air;
Much do I fear among ſuch fiends to ſit,
Much do I fear back to them to repair,
To the black ſhadows of the Stygian ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing ever-more.

XLIX.

There next the utmoſt brink doth he abide,
That did the banquets of the gods bewray,
Whoſe throat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride,
His ſenſe to ſeek for eaſe turns every way:
And he that in avengement of his pride,
For ſcorning to the ſacred gods to pray,
Againſt a mountain rolls a mighty ſtone,
Calling in vain for reſt, and can have none.

L.

Go ye with them, go, curfed Damofells!
Whofe bridal torches foul Erynnis tynd,
And Hymen at your fpoufals fad foretells
Tydings of death and maffacre unkind;
With them that cruel Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengeful mind
With bitter wounds her own dear babes to flay,
And murdred troups upon great heaps to lay.

LI.

There alfo thofe two Pandionian maids
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they flew with guilty blades,
For whom the Thracian king lamenting fore,
Turn'd to a lapwing, foulie them upbraids,
And fluttering round about them ftill does foare:
There now they all eternally complain
Of others wrong, and fuffer endlefs pain.

LII.

But the two brethren, born of Cadmus' blood,
Whilft each does for the foveraignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth againft the other's body bend
His curfed fteel, of neither well withftood,
And with wide wounds their carcafes doth rend,
That yet they both do mortall foes remain,
Sith each with brother's bloodie hand was flain.

LIII.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of pain,
Nor change of labour may intreated be,
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried fain,
Where other powers far different I ſee,
And muſt paſs over to th' Elyſian plain;
There grim Perſephone encountring me,
Doth urge her fellow-furies earneſtly
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

LIV.

There chaſte Alceſte lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her huſband's days
She did prolong, by changing fate for fate.
Lo, their lives alſo the immortal praiſe
Of womankind, moſt faithfull to her mate,
Penelope! and from her far aways
A ruleſs rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All ſlain with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

LV.

And ſad Eurydice thence now no more
Muſt turn to life, but there detained be
For looking back, being forbid before;
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthy ſpirit bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadows go to ſee,
And could believe that any thing could pleaſe
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powers appeaſe.

LVI.

Ne fear'd the burning waves of Phlegeton,
Nor thoſe ſame mournful kingdoms, compaſſed
With ruſty horrour and foul faſhion,
And deep-dig'd vaults, and Tartar covered
With bloody night and dark confuſion,
And judgment-ſeats, whoſe judge is deadly dred;
A judge that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults which life hath treſpaſſed before.

LVII.

But valiant Fortune made Dan Orpheus bold;
For the ſwift running rivers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wild beaſts their fury did with-hold,
To follow Orpheus' muſick through the land;
And th'oakes, deep grounded in the earthly mold,
Did move as if they could him underſtand;
And the ſhrill woods, which were of ſenſe bereav'd,
Through their hard bark his ſilver ſound receav'd.

LVIII.

And eke the moon her haſty ſteeds did ſtay,
Drawing in teems along the ſtarry ſky;
And didſt (O monthly Virgin!) thou delay
Thy nightly courſe to hear his melody?
The ſame was able with like lovely lay
The Queen of Hell to move as eaſily
To yield Eurydice unto her fere,
Back to be borne, though it unlawful were.

LIX.

She (Lady) having well before approv'd
The fiends to be too cruel and ſevere,
Obſerv'd th' appointed way, as her behov'd,
Ne ever did her eye-ſight turn arere,
Ne ever ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking mov'd;
But cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſs her, brok'ſt the gods' decree,
And thereby mad'ſt her ever damn'd to be.

LX.

Ah! but ſweet love of pardon worthy is,
And doth deſerve to have ſmall faults remitted,
If hell at leaſt, things lightly done amiſs
Knew how to pardon when ought is omitted;
Yet are ye both received into bliſs,
And to the ſeats of happy ſouls admitted;
And you beſide the honourable band
Of great heroes do in order ſtand.

LXI.

There be the two ſtout ſons of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardy Telamon,
Both ſeeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their ſire's dreadful juriſdiction,
Being the judge of all that horrid houſe;
And both of them by ſtrange occaſion
Renown'd in choice of happy marriage
Through Venus' grace and vertue's carriage.

LXII.

For th' one was ravish'd of his own bond-maid,
The fair Ixione, captiv'd from Troy;
But th' other was with Thetis' love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter, and his joy.
On this side them there is a young-man laid,
Their match in glory, mighty, fierce, and coy,
That from th' Argolick ships with furious ire,
Bett back the fury of the Trojan fire.

LXIII.

O! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great war which Trojans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrian soil with bloody rivers swell'd,
And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corses,
And Simois and Xanthus' blood out-weld,
Whilst Hector raged with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greek's fleet to have tynd!

LXIV

For Ida's self, in aid of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountains ministred supplies,
And like a kindly nurse did yield (for spight)
Store of firebronds out of her nurseries
Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the navy of their enemies,
And all the Rhætean shore to ashes turn,
Where lay the ships which they did seek to burn.

LXV.

'Gainſt which the noble ſon of Telamon
Oppos'd himſelf, and thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battel bad; 'gainſt whom appear'd anon
Hector, the glory of the Trojan field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty ſtrokes ſo ſhrild
As the great clap of thunder which doth rive
The ratling heavens, and clouds aſunder drive.

LXVI.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips, from turning home again
To Argos, th' other ſtrove for to defend
The force of Vulcan with his might and main.
Thus th' one, Æacide, did his fame extend,
But th' other joy'd that on the Phrygian plain,
Having the blood of vanquiſh'd Hector ſhed,
He compaſs'd Troy thrice with his body ded.

LXVII.

Again great dole on either party grew,
That him to death unfaithful Paris ſent;
And alſo him that falſe Ulyſſes ſlew,
Drawn into danger through cloſe ambuſhment:
Therefore from him Laertes' ſon his view
Doth turn aſide, and boaſts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæſus' fall,
And eft in Dolon's ſubtile ſurpriſall.

LXVIII.

Again the dreadful Cycons him dismay,
And black Læstrigones, a people stout;
Then greedy Scilla, under whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then do th' Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis, gulphing in and out:
Lastly, the squalid lakes of Tartary,
And griesly fiends of hell him terrify.

LXIX.

There also goodly Agamemnon boasts
The glory of the stock of Tantalus,
And famous light of all the Greekish hosts,
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
Ah! but the Greeks themselves, more dolorous
To thee, O Troy! paid penance for thy fall,
In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

LXX.

Well may appear by proof of their mischance,
The changefull turning of mens slippery state,
That none whom Fortune freely doth advance,
Himself therefore to heaven should elevate;
For lofty type of honour, through the glance
Of Envy's dart, is down in dust prostrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanity
Shall fall through Fortune's mutability.

LXXI.

Th' Argolick power returning home again,
Enrich'd with ſpoils of th' Ericthonian towre,
Did happy wind and weather entertain,
And with good ſpeed the foamy billows ſcour:
No ſign of ſtorm, no fear of future pain,
Which ſoon enſued them with heavy ſtoure;
Nereis to the ſeas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keels the ſurges clave.

LXXII.

Suddenly, whether through the gods' decree,
Or hapleſs riſing of ſome froward ſtar,
The heavens on every ſide enclouded be:
Black ſtorms and fogs are blowen up from far,
That now the pilot can no load-ſtar ſee,
But ſkies and ſeas do make moſt dreadful war,
The billows ſtriving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens ſtriving them for to empeach.

LXXIII.

And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both ſun and ſtars, and all the heavenly powres,
Conſpire in one to wreak their raſh contempt,
And down on them to fall from higheſt towres;
The ſky in pieces ſeeming to be rent,
Throws lightning forth, and hail, and harmful ſhow-
That death on every ſide to them appears [res,
In thouſand forms, to work more ghaſtly fears.

LXXIV.

Some in the greedy floods are sunk and drent,
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are thrown;
Some on th' Euboick cliffs in pieces rent,
Some scatter'd on the Hercæan shores unknown;
And many lost, of whom no moniment
Remains, nor memory is to be shown;
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrygian prey,
Tost on salt billows, round about doth stray.

LXXV.

Here many other like heroes be,
Equal in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly seats may placed see,
Descended all from Rome by linage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in sovereignty,
And doth all nations unto her subdue:
Here Fabij and Decij do dwell,
Horatij, that in vertue did excel.

LXXVI.

And here the antique fame of stout Camill'
Doth ever live, and constant Curtius,
Who, stiffly bent his vowed life to spill
For country's health, a gulf most hideous
Amidst the town with his own corps did fill,
T' appease the powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

LXXVII.

And here wiſe Curius, his companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endleſs reſt,
And ſtout Flaminius, whoſe devotion
Taught him the fire's ſcorn'd fury to deteſt;
And here the praiſe of either Scipion
Abides in higheſt place above the beſt,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd;
Trembling, their forces ſound their praiſes loud.

LXXVIII.

Live they for ever through their laſting praiſe;
But I, poor Wretch! am forced to return
To the ſad lakes that Phœbus' ſunny rays
Do never ſee, where ſouls do always mourn,
And by the wailing ſhores to waſte my days,
Where Phlegeton with quenchleſs flames doth burn,
By which juſt Minos righteous ſouls doth ſever
From wicked ones, to live in bliſs for ever.

LXXIX.

Me therefore thus the cruel fiends of hell,
Girt with long ſnakes and thouſand yron chains,
Through doom of that their cruel judge, compel
With bitter torture and impatient pains,
Cauſe of my death, and juſt complaint to tell:
For thou art he whom my poor ghoſt complains
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careleſs hear'ſt my intollerable cares.

LXXX

Them therefore, as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behind;
But do thou haunt the ſoft down-rolling river,
And wild green woods, and fruitful paſtures mind,
And let the flitting air my vain words ſever."
Thus having ſaid, he heavily departed
With piteous cry, that any would have ſmarted.

LXXXI.

Now when the ſloathful fit of life's ſweet reſt
Had left the heavy ſhepherd, wondrous cares
His inly grieved mind full ſore oppreſt,
That baleful ſorrow he no longer bears
For that Gnat's death, which deeply was impreſt,
But bends whatever power his aged years
Him lent, yet being ſuch, as through their might
He lately ſlew his dreadful foe in fight.

LXXXII.

By that ſame river lurking under green,
Eftſoons he 'gins to faſhion forth a place,
And ſquaring it in compaſs well beſeen
There plotteth out a tomb by meaſured ſpace:
His yron-headed ſpade tho making clean,
To dig up ſods out of the flowrie graſs,
His work he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

LXXXIII.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on high,
Enclofing it with banks on every fide,
And thereupon did raife ful bufily
A little mount, of green turfs edifide;
And on the top of all, that paffers by
Might it behold, the tomb he did provide
Of fmootheft marble-ftone in order fet,
That never might his lucky fcape forget.

LXXXIV.

And round about he taught fweet flowres to grow,
The rofe, engrained in pure fcarlet dye,
The lilly frefh, and violet below,
The marigold, and chearful rofemary,
The Spartan myrtle, whence fweet gum does flow,
The purple hyacinth, and frefh coftmary,
And faffron, fought for in Cilician foil,
And laurel, th' ornament of Phœbus' toil;

LXXXV.

Frefh Rhododaphne, and the fabine flowre
Matching the wealth of th' antient frankincence,
And pallid ivy, building his own bowre,
And box, yet mindful of his old offence,
Red amaranthus, luckless paramour,
Ox-eye, ftill green, and bitter patience;
Ne wants there pale Narcifs, that in a well
Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

## LXXXVI.

And whatfoever other flowre of worth,
And whatfo other herb of lovely hue
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her felf in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and rear'd a mount of earth,
In whofe high front was writ as doth enfue;
*To thee, fmall Gnat, in lieu of his life faved,*
*The fhepherd hath thy death's record engraved.*

# CONTENTS.


Page

THE FAERY QUEENE, BOOK VI.

Book VI. Canto IV. 3

Canto V. 19

Canto VI. 33

Canto VII. 48

Canto VIII. 64

Canto IX. 83

Canto X. 99

Canto XI. 115

Canto XII. 134

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITIE.

Canto VI. 156

Canto VII. 165

Canto VIII. unperfite, 185

Advertisement, 186

Colin Clout's Come Home Again. Addressed to the Right worthy and noble Knt. Sir Walter Raleigh, 187

Virgil's Gnat. Addressed to the most noble and excellent Lord the Earl of Leicester, 222



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